

Children's Newspaper, August 2, 1930

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 593

Week Ending
AUGUST 2, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

A NEW STORY FOR THE NATURE BOOKS

TEN TIMES ACROSS THE RHINE

REMARKABLE FEAT

How a Mother Took Her Five Little Ones Home

A NEW STORY FOR THE NATURE BOOKS

By Our Hungary Correspondent

It is incredible that there should still be people in the world who, in the face of strong and repeated proof to the contrary, believe that reason and will power are solely human qualities, unshared by beasts and birds.

One wonders how many human beings would have been capable of such settled purpose and such endurance and tenacity in carrying it out as were shown a little while ago by an Alsatian wolfhound named Senta.

Senta's owner, who lived on the left bank of the Rhine, had sold her to a friend across the river. At first she showed no marked dislike of the change, but when, a few weeks later, she had five fine puppies, she decided that the time had come to undo what had been done. Perhaps she did not wish her children to grow up in what she considered exile; perhaps she held that it was not fair for a man who had only paid the price of one dog to be suddenly possessed of six.

Back to the Old Home

However that may be, she decided to act, and to act quickly. One night, having waited until everyone but herself had gone to bed, she caught up the nearest puppy, scrambled with it over the garden wall, and, jumping into the river, swam across to her old home. No one saw her as she made her way to her old kennel and laid her puppy carefully in the straw. It was only next morning that her old master discovered her, beaming with satisfaction and friendliness and with all five puppies around her.

She must have swum back after she had brought the first one over, and repeated the perilous trip four times more; she must have swum across the Rhine ten times in order to achieve her fixed and settled purpose of having her children grow up in their old home.

So a dog's will conquered over human will, for Senta's former owner, touched by her feat, has returned the purchase money to his friend and has kept her with him, together with her puppies. A long and happy life to all of them!

PICTURES BY WIRELESS

The liner America is to have photographs sent from the Radio Corporation by wireless every day during its voyages from New York to Hamburg. These pictures will be printed in the daily newspaper published on board. Pictures can be received by the apparatus over a distance of 3500 miles.

A Tale of the Sea



Two little holiday-makers on the East Coast are seen here spellbound by an old salt's yarns of adventures in the sailing-ships of his youth.

LISTENING-IN TO AN APPLE

SOMEONE once jokingly referred to a silence so profound that people could hear the microbes gnawing, and we had a word the other day about hearing a worm eating.

It is all only a little removed from the reality of the examination by microphone of apples in which grubs were suspected of gnawing.

The apples were taken from a tree infected with the Mediterranean pest. There was nothing about the fair exterior of the apple to show that a grub was at work within. Sometimes in such circumstances the temperature of the apple goes up, but in this instance the most refined scientific methods failed to detect any such thing.

Then a sort of super-electrical microphone amplifier was applied to the apple as a doctor might apply a stethoscope to hear the murmur of a patient's heart, and the apple was taken into a sound-

proof chamber. In that silent chamber the Mediterranean pest could be heard champing. It was enough to convict the unwanted tenant of the apple, and tree, grub, and fruit were condemned.

The sound-proof room is not a new invention; it has been employed in some universities, notably that of Utrecht, for some years. Any person in such a room can hear his own heart beat, or the movement of his muscles.

The microphone amplifiers make even slighter sounds audible. They might, if still more sensitive and powerful, make audible the hum of the nerves.

Our bodies are always thrilling with such unheard sounds. The microphone may open the window to them to let in a clamour like the traffic of the streets. If to these sounds we could add those made by the chemical changes in the cells, the hum of life would rise to something like a deafening roar.

WILL MAN DO WHAT THE PLANT CAN DO?

COPYING NATURE AND MASTERING HER

A Chemist Looking Forward to the Future of the World

TAPPING THE AIR

The fuel of the world in days to come will not come from below but from above. That, at any rate, is the vision of the future as a chemist, Dr Herbert Levinstein, President of the Society of Chemical Industry, sees it.

Dr Levinstein has witnessed and handled the chemist's powers of extracting nitrates from the nitrogen of the air, and has turned them to profitable use in increasing the food supplied by the world's crops.

What has been done with nitrogen, he reminds us, will some day be done with the carbon dioxide of the air. That will be gathered in, and converted into products which the world and the chemist have to extract from coal and oil.

Numberless chemical laboratories hidden in the leaves and stems of plants have gathered this carbon dioxide in the past into their recesses, and with the aid of the power of the Sun's light have converted it into the raw material of the world's fuel.

Can Plants Be Speeded Up?

Many other things the plants have done, draining their resources from the Sun and the soil and the air, and making therewith starch and sugar, fibre and food, and rubber. The chemist some day will be able to synthesise the elements into the same products without the intervention of the plant.

The plant does the world's work, does it well and thoroughly, but it does it slowly. The world, increasing in population, must some day consume these products, wood and coal and oil and the rest, faster than the plant lays them by.

Then the chemist, a speedier worker than the plant, will step in to reinforce its powers. Probably long before that time arrives a way will be found to speed up the plant itself; but there will always be plenty of raw material in Earth, sea, and sky for the chemist to work upon.

What Science hopes to do for us is to do quickly what the plant does slowly, and to quicken up all the natural processes of geology. That is to say, Man hopes to master Nature.

ALL THAT IT LEFT BEHIND

The Age of Coal is passing. It will have lasted when it is over for a less period than the Moorish occupation of Spain, which at the time seemed so important to Christendom and vanished, leaving behind it nothing but a garden here and there, a palace or two preserved by the conqueror's pride, and a few romantic tales. Dr Herbert Levinstein

THE GOOD NEWS CENTRE

GENEVA IN JULY

The Help of Wireless in Building Up World Peace

INTERNATIONAL EVENTS

By Our League Correspondent

July is the month of the intellectuals in Geneva. Then men of the arts and sciences hold their meetings, and hope through this cooperation to knit closer bonds between all whose work lies among things of the mind.

Interchanges of students and professors is one of the subjects studied in these committees; exchange between libraries, museums, and art galleries is another; the circulation of books at lower cost and free from customs duties is another; copyright laws, translation rights, scientific bibliographies, are others. One committee has a particular interest for us. It follows all that is being done in the world to make the League of Nations known to school-children.

B.B.C. Programmes

The kinema and the wireless, as a means of spreading knowledge of the League, are studied by this committee, and in these subjects it has the help of those who direct the work of the Kinema-graph Institute in Rome and the International Wireless Association in Geneva. A most interesting paper was presented to the committee by the B.B.C., giving delegates from other countries an excellent idea of how widely its programme ranges over the world.

The list of international wireless events is imposing, and we need only remind ourselves that it is already two years since we were first introduced to the Way of the World, by Mr. Vernon Bartlett, and have been learning about it ever since; that it is three years since the first attempts were made to broadcast a running description of the opening ceremony of the League Assembly as well as some of the speeches; and that this year a series of talks on international cooperation, and another on the work of the International Labour Office at the time of its Annual Conference, have already been given, keeping us well up-to-date.

The New Map of Europe

Now we are promised for the autumn lively International Conversations between people of different nationalities and a descriptive explanation of that very puzzling picture known as the New Map of Europe.

A resolution has been passed hoping that in every country the opportunities offered by broadcasting should be used to the greatest possible extent, that brief notes of international events should regularly be given, and that the political events of the world should be discussed in the spirit and atmosphere of peace.

With the wireless to which we listen go hand in hand the kinema films we see. For these also, that they may be designed in a spirit of friendliness and drawn true to life, the committee at Geneva acts as a little centre where resolutions are formed and sent out to those who can help to put them into effective practice.

23,000 MILES ON A CYCLE

Mr J. Gill of Bradford, who has been round the world on a motor-cycle, found one place in it where the sound of the exhaust was of value.

It was in the Iraq desert. Mr Gill and his companion on the motor-cycle were attacked by Bedouins. The sturdy Yorkshireman let off his exhaust till it rose from the sound of a pneumatic drill-almost to that of machine-gun fire.

The Bedouins fled in terror, which will cause no surprise to anyone who knows what a motor-cycle can do at its worst.

TWOPENCE A TIME

DEFEAT OF THE COPY-RIGHT BILL

Composers of Music and the Right to Perform It

COMMITTEE'S PROPOSALS

It was very unlikely from the first that Parliament would allow it to be made law that the owners of printed music should not be allowed to forbid the public performance of their work so long as a fee of twopence a time was offered for permission to perform them.

That was one of the provisions of the Musical Copyright Bill which has just been reported against by a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The other thing it required was that a notice should be printed on every piece of copyright music which it is desired should not be performed without a licence.

Without Fee or Licence

It turns out that to print such a notice would be a breach of the international Berne Convention dealing with copyright, which gives to a composer the control of his work. Most of us have seen copies of songs on which is printed the announcement that they may be sung "without fee or licence," and that seems the right way to do it.

The Bill was brought in because of the success of an organisation of composers and publishers called the Performing Rights Society, which now controls over 90 per cent of the performing rights in copyright music, so that it is now practically impossible for anyone to organise a public concert without dealing with them; and it is complained that people do not know what works they must ask the society's leave for and what they need not. This difficulty, however, has largely been met by a promise of the society to circulate a list of the publishers with whose work it is concerned.

Right of Appeal

But, while it disapproves of the Bill as much too drastic, the Select Committee does think that entertainers have a grievance in view of the great power the society is able to exercise through its monopoly; and it suggests that the Government should consider whether it would be possible to fit into the Copyright Convention some right of appeal by entertainers against the fees exacted by the society where these seem to be excessive.

But the idea of paying a composer a paltry twopence for the right to produce a great symphony or cantata will not, we think, be heard of again.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

Mickey and Felix

Felix the Cat, still walking, has found his way for the second time into the Courts of Justice.

The moment was well chosen. Mickey the Mouse was already there. But the cat was not after the mouse. The mouse had called in the cat.

The reason for this unnatural though legal proceeding was that Mickey had been brought before the judge so that it might be decided how Mickey stood in the world.

Was Mickey a mere mouse on paper, or could he be made to stand out? Was he an artist's idea in the flat, as Felix was, or might he be turned into an all-round mouse, in three dimensions, as we say?

It was a difficult point, which called for all the powers of the law and the legal wisdom of a Judge of the Chancery Court to decide, and we left the lawyers talking when we went to press.

A FEW FLOWERS

The Lady Who Called at a Hospital

ONE MORE BEAUTIFUL THING

It was a romantic thing that happened at the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, the other day, when we recorded the fact briefly.

The porter saw a lady coming to the door with a great sheaf of flowers, and thought she would like to see Mrs. So-and-So in X Ward. But no, she had no friend ill in the hospital; she merely wanted to leave a few flowers for the patients.

Those flowers were taken in, and no doubt Sister thought: "That must have been a really kind woman. She loves flowers herself, and she thinks about the people whose friends are too poor to bring them flowers when they are ill."

But the stranger's kindness did not stop at sending flowers.

An envelope hung from the string round the stalks, and when it was opened £1000 was found in it.

A Flutter of Happiness

What a flutter of happiness must have gone round the whole hospital! The patients felt better, and the nurses beamed so that the plainest among them became beautiful (as she really is), while the doctors began to take a far more hopeful view of difficult cases. Steps were lighter, voices brighter, and we believe that not a cross word was said all day. Hard, dull work went more easily, as tired little probationers saw it transfigured in the light of charity, and they caught a fresh glimpse of the vision which first led them to follow the noblest and worst rewarded of all callings.

If the giver had sent her gift through the post it would have pleased everybody, but it would not have caused quite such a ripple of excitement as it did tied to a bunch of flowers. Perhaps it is permissible to twist the proverb and say: She gives twice who gives prettily.

CRUELTY FOR PLEASURE

Spain's Step Back Toward Barbarism

WORLD'S MEANEST SPORT

After the first of August the bulls which are slaughtered in Spanish bull fights are to be treated with renewed severity. Their shoulders are to be lacerated with explosive fire crackers before they die.

A little time ago, when the civilised world had brought home to the mind of Spain the cruelty of these brutal orgies, a decree was passed by the Dictator, Primo de Rivera, modifying some of the worst features. The horses were protected by some sort of leather armour to save them from being gored to death in sight of the populace. The fire crackers which were plunged into the shoulders of the bull, to explode there and drive it wild with pain and fury, were forbidden.

But these modifications of this hideous butchery were bad for business. The Spanish spectators began to prefer the excitements of football. The bulls would not rise to the occasion.

Consequently the fireworks are to be introduced again. There are certain regulations about the size and insertion of the darts, which deceive no one and will not lessen their foul effect.

It was the late Dictator, General Primo de Rivera, who forbade the use of the banderillas de fuego because he considered these explosive darts an entirely useless brutality. Now that he is gone the door which was being gradually closed to cruelty is to be opened wide again, and Spain declares herself on the side of the butchers.

TWO FRIENDS

ONE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT

The Faithful Dog That Tried to Save a Man

TALE OF A TRAWLER

Once again the world has seen a noble example of a dog's wonderful friendship.

When the French trawler Gris Nez left Boulogne the other day she carried two great friends, Jean Martin, a fireman, and Turc, a Newfoundland dog. The man was fond of the dog, and the dog, as is a dog's way, repaid the affection with adoration.

Turc is five, and the skipper is his owner, so the dog loved Martin not because he was the man who fed and owned him, but because he was kind.

When the Gris Nez reached the West Scottish fishing grounds a member of the crew chanced to walk round the stern and saw Turc in the water about 200 yards away.

Holding Up a Man

He gave the alarm and engines were reversed. As the skipper looked through his binoculars he was thankful that he had decided to go back for a dog, because he saw that the dog was holding up a man.

It is clear enough that Martin must have fallen overboard unseen by anyone but Turc, who jumped after him. But the strength of the rescuer gave out before the trawler could reach the scene of the gallant struggle. Exhaustion forced the drowning dog to release the drowning man, and Martin disappeared. The Gris Nez cruised about for a long time, but he was not seen again.

The fishermen managed to get Turc on board, half drowned, and to revive him.

When they got to Fleetwood they told their tale of the dog who nearly died to save his friend, and they will tell it again, even more sadly when they return to Martin's home. Turc will be a hero in two countries. But of one thing we are sure. He would rather be less famous and less lonely.

THE BIRD AND THE BULLETS

Peace and quiet reign again at Bisley. The King's Prize has been won, the marksmen have all gone. But by the Stickledown Butt a nightjar sounds its purring note with deep content.

It was there all through the Bisley meeting and deserved a prize as well as anyone. It had built a nest a few feet in front of one of the targets, and there it stayed in spite of all the bullets whistling by.

The bullets passed over its head, and there was a certain irony in the nightjar's choice of a nesting-place in front of the target. It was quite right in its choice. It came scatheless through the shower of the thousands of bullets which passed by in a fortnight, and is now declared to be rearing its second brood of the season.

THINGS SAID

If we can keep from catching cold we are adding years to our lives. A doctor

I am certainly not pleased with the Government's record. The Prime Minister

When you get to the end of your rope tie a knot and hang on. Scout Bulletin

Of all the Ocracies, Pressocracy is the worst.

Mr Wickham Steed

American is every day becoming a necessary language for the legal profession.

Mr Trevor Watson, K.C.

The chemist will solve the industrial and economic problems of the world.

Lord Melchett

One reason why the English have done so much is that they have a large population concentrated in a small area.

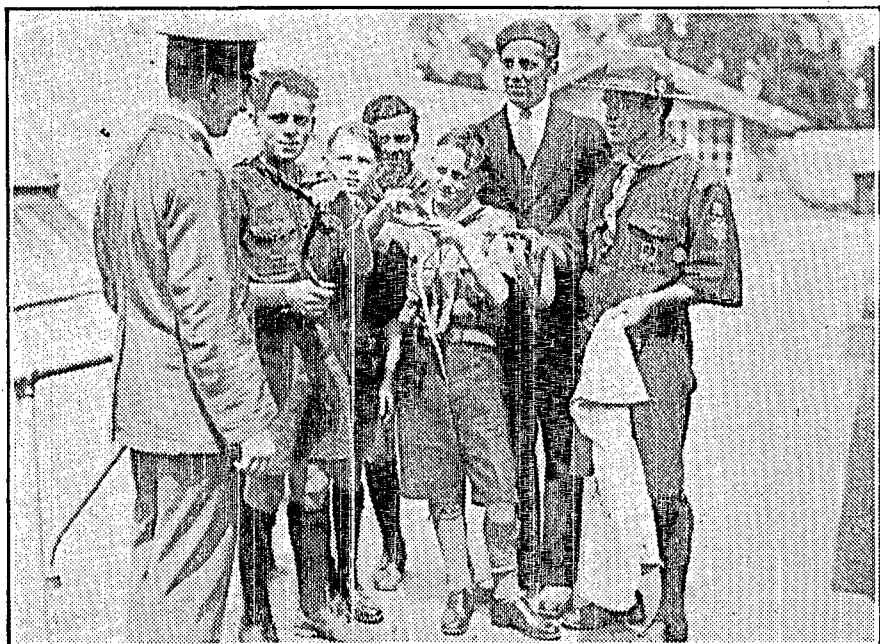
An American visitor

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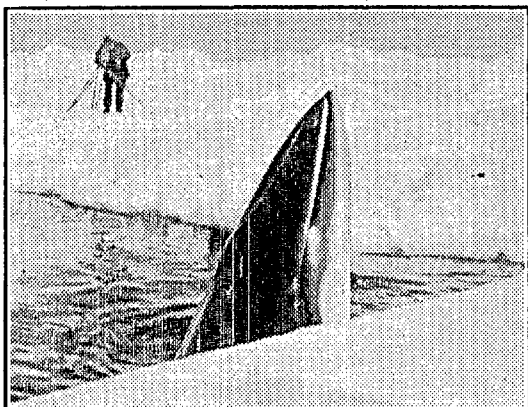
PRESENT FOR THE ZOO · FILMING A WHALE · THE NAVAL PAGEANT



A Present For the Zoo—A party of American Scouts recently presented the London Zoo with a collection of snakes. Some of the boys are here seen showing the reptiles to a keeper.



Open-Air Shoe Shop—There are few things that cannot be bought in London's famous Caledonian Market. Here is a corner where all kinds of boots and shoes are for sale.



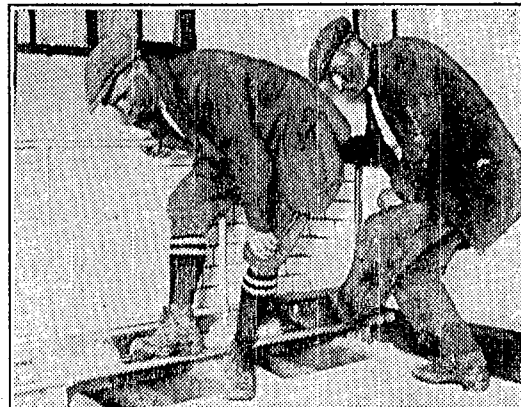
Filming a Whale—This remarkable picture taken by the Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic shows a kinema photographer filming a whale as it came to the surface.



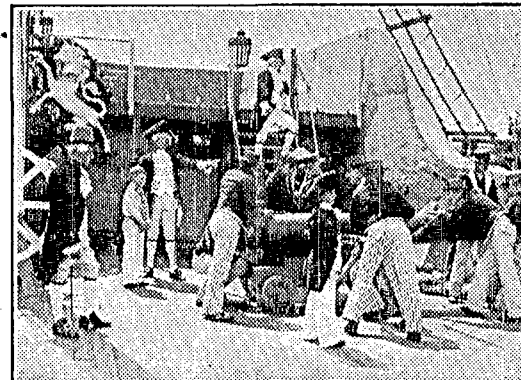
A Good Turn—The Guides of Lower Peover, Cheshire, have given this seat for the village green, where people with heavy market baskets often wait for buses.



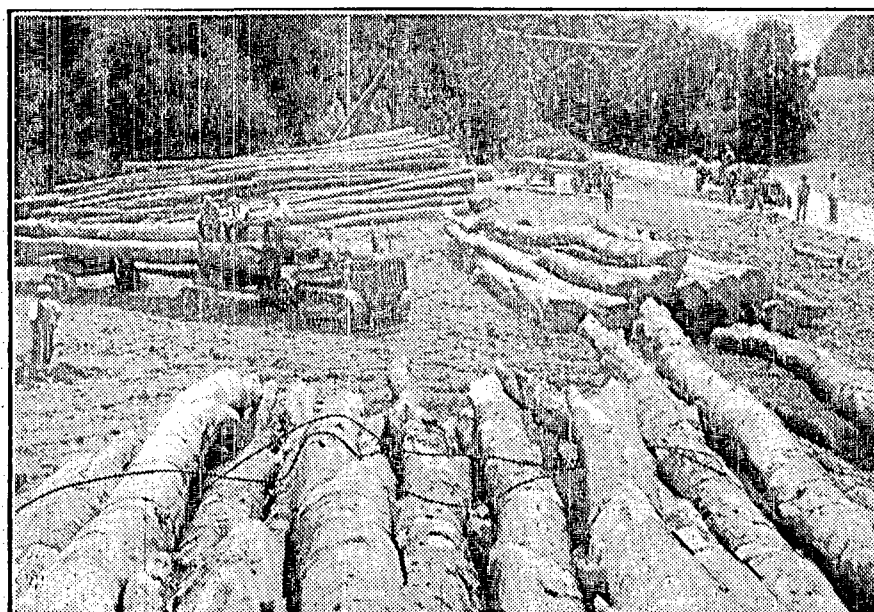
A Gentle Stroll—A little visitor to the Zoo is seen here enjoying the privilege of taking a walk with one of the penguins.



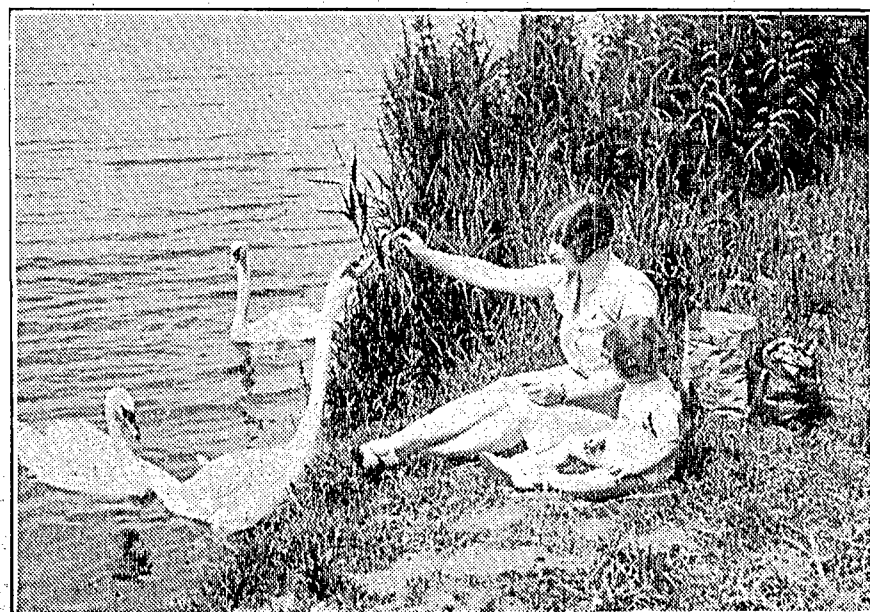
Electric Boot-Cleaners—When the miners at a Leicestershire colliery leave their work they clean their boots on electrically-driven brushes, as seen here.



The Navy's Tattoo—This scene on a ship of Nelson's time is an incident in the pageant of naval history which has been presented this week at Portsmouth.



Fallen Giants—Many of the famous beeches at Goodwood, on the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's estate in Sussex, have been cut down. Here we see the logs ready for removal.



Unexpected Guests—This little picnic beside the Thames was made more enjoyable by the arrival of some friendly swans to partake of the good things in the luncheon basket.

EVERYTHING COMES IF WE WAIT

2146 YEARS TO DISCOVER
A SITE

Fresh Light on Battles Fought
Long Ago

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HANNIBAL

Every schoolchild learns the story of Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general who strove with Rome for the mastery of the world and achieved unparalleled marvels in crossing the Alps with his elephants and horses and men.

We all know the names of his battlefields, of the leaders he fought, and the numbers he overcame. Yet there has always been a mystery about his greatest victory in the tremendous Battle of Cannae. For 2000 years historians have disputed the site, and only within the last few weeks have the doubts been apparently cleared away.

The Site of Cannae

The general situation was known. The Cannae of the battle was an ancient town of Apulia in Southern Italy, near the mouth of the River Ofanto, whose Latin name was Aufidus, and rather more than a mile from the modern town Canosa. But there was no agreement between ancient authors and modern as to the exact locality or even the side of the river on which the momentous encounter took place. Probably not a few young scholars have been wearied at school in trying to piece out a straightforward story from the conflicting authorities.

The problem seems to be finally settled now, for excavators have found, after a prolonged search along the left bank of the River Ofanto, what must have been the scene of an ancient battle. They have unearthed thousands of human bones, mixed with the bones of animals. Such an accumulation, it is said, must be the result of some tremendous battle of days long ago, the Battle of Cannae.

The site is near the sea and in an area to which tradition has clung from times out of mind, for it is called the Field of Blood. That name by itself does not make the find authentic in the opinion of some scholars, who hold that the name may be of much more recent date than the Battle of Cannae, which took place in 216 B.C.

Awe and Wonder

The deeds of Hannibal filled the ancient world with awe and wonder for centuries after his death. They inspired Horace, who was born 118 years after the passing of Hannibal, to one of his most splendid Odes, the fourth Ode in the Fourth Book, which English schoolboys have had among their Latin exercises ever since the revival of classical learning. Yet so strange are the workings of the elements of which mortal fame is compounded that for over two thousand years men have been unable to discover with certainty where the greatest event in Hannibal's career had its actual setting.

Everything comes to History if she waits and works, the secrets of the Labyrinth, the foundations of the Tower of Babel, with the gorgeous palaces of Nebuchadnezzar, even evidence of the Flood in Chaldea, and now at last the site of Hannibal's most wonderful and most terrible stroke.

A TOWN AND ITS TRIPPERS

Southend Town Council has refused to consider a scheme for developing the sea front in the interest of visitors.

One member of the council declared that the scheme was entirely for the accommodation of trippers, including motorists who came to Southend in thousands, taking their own food with them and leaving nothing behind but rubbish. It was time something was done for the permanent residents.

CASCA'S TABLE?

One of Caesar's Murderers
THE RED HAND AT POMPEII

Excavations go on for ever in Pompeii, the treasure city buried in red-hot lava more than eighteen centuries ago.

The other day a table was unearthed, and luckily the top was missing. Seldom does anyone rejoice in a breakage, but no one could blame the antiquary who exclaimed with delight at this one.

The table has three legs, carved like lion's legs and surmounted with blocks upon which the table top rested. On each of these blocks was found carved the name Casca.

Casca was one of the murderers of Julius Caesar ("See what a rent the envious Casca made"), and it is known that he had a house at Pompeii. There seems, therefore, little reason for doubting that this handsome marble table was his, and we may believe he leaned upon it, drinking wine in the vain hope that it might help him to forget the terrible choice between two loyalties.

The assassins of Caesar believed their deed to be patriotic, but the world can never look unmoved on the sight of one man attacked by many, nor will it ever look kindly on Casca, who struck the first blow. Shakespeare made him cry: "Speak, hands, for me!" and those red hands of his are remembered when all the rest of him is forgotten.

BEATRICE HARRADEN

A Famous Book and Its Story

Many people have been very glad to hear that Miss Beatrice Harraden is enjoying a pension from the Civil List.

Her very famous book *Ships That Pass in the Night* she sold outright for less than fifty pounds. She was in America in the heyday of its success, when thousands and thousands of copies were in circulation, when "even the engine-drivers on the trains" were busy reading it, but she did not gain any material reward from all this popularity.

Later she gave up all her frail strength to war work, and those who saw her moving through the wards at Endell Street Hospital, finding out what the soldiers would like to read, will never forget the sight, so much quick sympathy and interest was hers. Nat Gould and Charles Garvice were among Tommy's favourite authors; but she weaned them on to fresh delights, and when anybody showed a leaning to any hobby their clever librarian always found the right book. Once we remember seeing her pleasure in placing a handbook on roses in a would-be gardener's hands.

In her little flat in early war days many Belgians were crammed and made comfortable. She met trains almost before anybody else had grasped the need.

She has earned much love, and her brave spirit peeps out often in her books, and helps those who have not the good fortune to know her personally.

WE ARE SEVEN

Seven schools are going full speed ahead on the Southern Railway.

They are represented by the new expresses the railway has named after famous schools in the southern counties. Sherborne School is the latest to be represented, and the handsome locomotive was viewed with intense interest by the Sherborne boys.

Other schools are Tonbridge, Lancing, Charterhouse, Winchester, Wellington, Eton, and Dulwich.

Westminster and St Paul's bring the number up to ten, and we hope it will be the good fortune of the boys to travel by their expresses on their holidays; and to return with them and, like them, always up to time.

LITTLE MOTHER

Can Anything Good Come
From a One-Room Home?

WHAT WILL MIDDLESBROUGH
DO?

There is something splendid and rather sad about the story of the little girl who won the Rhondda Mothercraft Shield for an essay on the care of babies.

It was an excellent essay, and Miss Susan Lawrence, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, was prepared to congratulate the winner. But the child did not come to receive the shield. Her parents could not afford to spend money on her fare.

She is 13, and is the eldest of six children. They live with their parents in one room in Middlesbrough.

It must sadden everyone to think of eight people living in one room, but there is something gladdening, too, about the little mother's story. Such is the gallantry of the human heart that a child brought up in such poverty becomes, not a slum child, not a noisy urchin, but a little expert on cleanliness and a winner of essay prizes.

We wish this splendid little citizen could have come to London and heard the clapping that was her due. We would gladly have paid her fare. It would have been a taste of glory for her to take back to the grey streets. As it is she will, we hope, be content with the thing that contented Nelson—the knowledge of duty faithfully done.

In any case the next word seems to be with Middlesbrough.

HOW THE JOKES GET ABOUT

The Old Lady at Victoria

"How do they think of these things?" people ask as they read some of the jokes in the comic papers.

The truth is that many of the jokes are based on reality, on things which have actually been said and done by people unconscious of the humour of their words or deeds.

An example from real life occurred the other day at a busy London railway station. There are three Victoria stations, one of them the Victoria Underground. In the great hall of the Underground station a kindly porter saw a middle-aged lady staring bewilderedly about, obviously wishing to book.

"Can I help you, madam?" he asked. "Thank you, you can, porter," she answered. "You can take charge of my luggage while I book for Paris."

"Paris, madam, from here?"

"Yes; I want to take the next train to Paris."

"But this is not the station, madam," the porter explained.

"It is Victoria, is it not?"

"Oh yes, it is Victoria Station, madam, but Victoria Underground, for local trains only. You want the main line station. Take the subway and I will have your luggage sent with you."

"Oh no, no," retorted the lady; "I am going to Paris underground."

"I am afraid you cannot yet, madam," said the porter.

"Nonsense, my good man. Have you not heard of the Tunnel under the Channel? I am going to Paris, via Calais, under the Channel. It is deplorable that porters should be so ignorant. The Tunnel was completed a short while ago and this is to be my first journey by it."

She had heard of the Tunnel within the last few weeks!

Pronunciations in This Paper

Apulia	Ah-poo-le-ah
Friuli	Fre-oo-le
Missolonghi	Mis-so-long-ge
Nepal	Ne-pawl
Peloponnesus	Pel-o-pon-ne-sus

B.B.C. MOTTO

A Friendly Word For All
NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE
UNTO NATION

How many of us if asked suddenly What is the motto of the B.B.C.? would be able to give an answer while our relentless questioner swiftly counted ten? Yet we probably read our Radio Times week by week and there it is, printed on every copy: *Nation shall speak peace unto nation.*

We listeners who pay our licences every year have linked ourselves up with this policy. We are actually helping to weave those invisible strands in the network which shall bind us together in peace.

Very practical results of this policy of the B.B.C. are to be found if we look for them. Here is just one.

The Y.M.C.A. in a certain town (it was Blackburn) formed a group to listen to the talks on international cooperation last spring, and so much interest was roused that a branch of the League of Nations Union was forthwith formed.

International Problems

Over three hundred groups such as this one, each numbering from five to forty people, meet regularly in different parts of our island to listen to talks on subjects of which the interest stretches far beyond our own shores. They are students of international affairs in the making, and who knows what their influence on our destiny may be?

It was in 1925 that the International Broadcasting Union was formed, primarily to secure improved conditions for reception and to aid technical developments, but the cooperation between countries in the making of programmes and the exchange of information on broadcast education have led inevitably to the discussion of international problems. More valuable still, all the principal broadcasting systems of the world, which have joined this Union, have bound themselves to abstain from propaganda against each other.

We know that in our own country this undertaking is scrupulously observed in spirit and in letter. Nothing which might tend to arouse old bitterness or aggravate national differences is allowed to find its way into our programmes, and all the other members of the International Union are under the same obligation. According to the latest figures the Union represents 330 transmitting stations, serving 22 million households, with a total of 90 million individuals; and 21 European countries took part in this year's meetings.

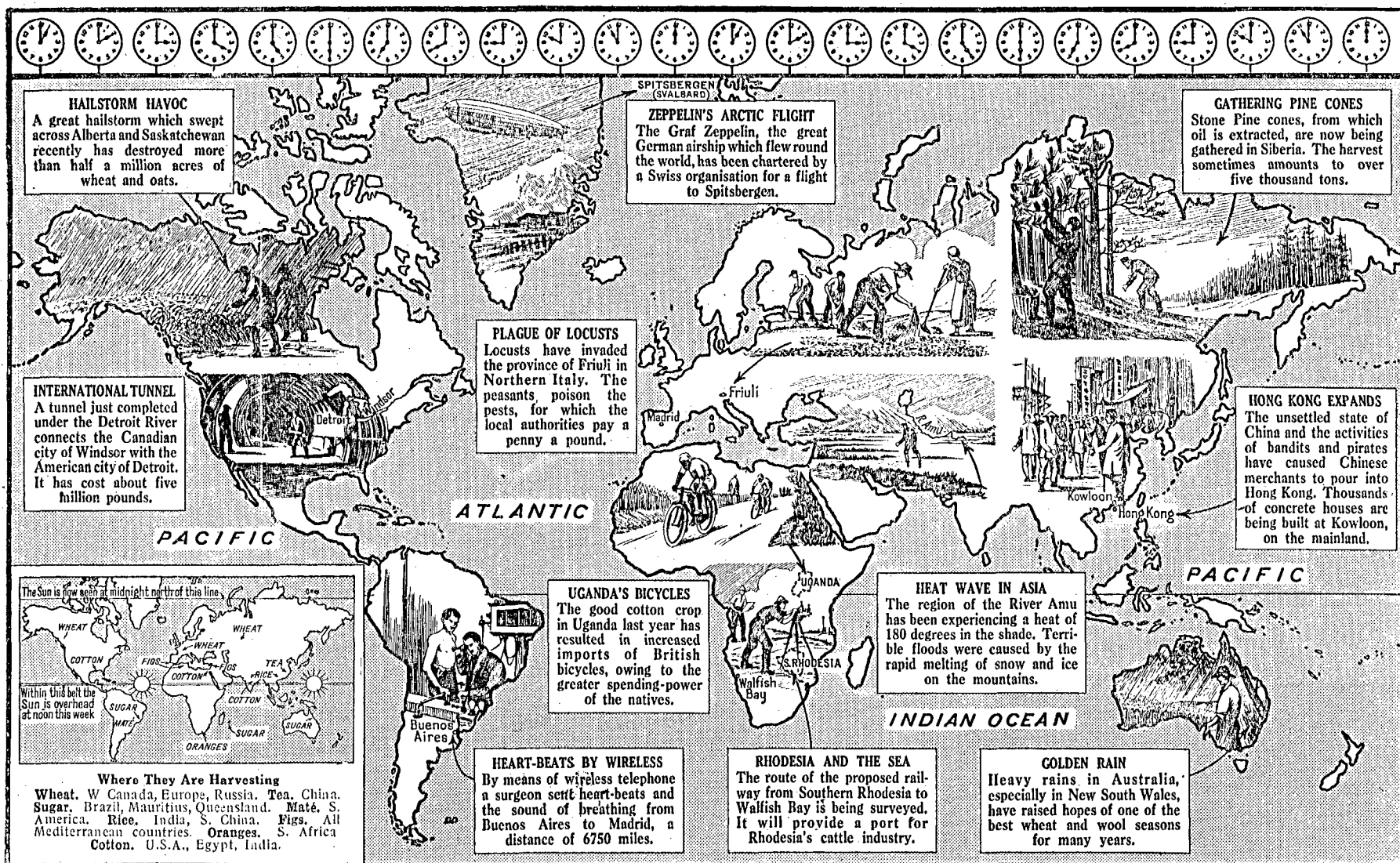
A ROMAN SCHEME FOR 90,000 MEN

Mr Marcantonio the ice-cream man might never have come to our little island with his frozen wares and cheerful smiles if his own country had been better cultivated.

In Italy during the coming winter 90 thousand men will be reclaiming waste land. Over 12 million pounds are being spent on hydraulic and irrigation work, deep ploughing, and on land improvements, the construction of rural aqueducts, and so on. Still more money has been spent on improving mountain pastures.

Under this Land Reclamation Scheme the flat and marshy Roman Campagna will also be improved. Long ago this district was ruined and depopulated by barbarian invasions, but during Rome's golden age the air was healthy, and in places which are now the haunts of malaria and mosquitoes fair cities and sumptuous Roman villas once stood.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



NEWS ABOUT COLUMBUS

The Curate Who Wrote It Down

A little more light has been thrown on Columbus.

When the great man, returning from his second voyage, was journeying to tell the tale to Ferdinand and Isabella, his royal patrons, he stayed on his way at the village of Las Palacios near Seville.

The curate, Andres Bernaldez, was his friend, and was, we think, a learned man, for afterwards he became chaplain to the archbishop. But we can picture the "sailor home from sea" seated in the house of the curate (who had never been farther abroad than Andalusia) recounting his adventures.

The curate listened all attention, and royally entertained Columbus and his friends. In the explorer's train was a converted Indian with a collar of gold.

The curate noted all that Columbus said, and wrote it down. Besides that, Columbus left some of his writings, and so did some of the other "noble gentlemen" with him.

That is the story which Andres Bernaldez tells as preface to the manuscript he wrote more than four centuries ago and which during all these years has lain unregarded and forgotten in a Spanish library.

However it came to be written it is a new version of the story of the voyages, and dates from about 1509. It has now been bought by Dr Rosenbach of Philadelphia.

28 NATIONS BOUND FOR PEACE

The Secretariat of the League of Nations has received the document declaring that Ireland has ratified the Optional Clause.

Twenty-eight States are now bound by this clause to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

LONDON HARD AT WORK

One of the World's Busy Spots

London is much better off than the rest of the country in the matter of unemployment. The Public Assistance Committee of the London County Council declares that *the number of idle workpeople in London is less than before the war.*

There is no doubt whatever that London, despite almost universal bad trade, does not exhibit the distress which was sometimes observed in the old days; but the reason why London avoids heavy unemployment is because it does not rely on a few big industries. A very large proportion of its people are engaged in commercial pursuits which, while they suffer in times of depression, do not experience a great deal of actual unemployment. The growth of London as a commercial centre increases the proportion of its people not likely to be unemployed.

The good luck of London at present is the more remarkable because the world as a whole is suffering terribly. Reports of serious unemployment come from nearly all countries. There are exceptions, however. France and Italy have largely avoided the trouble by close attention to national organisation and reconstruction.

DR NANSEN'S SHIP

A practical step forward has been taken by the movement for preserving Dr Nansen's old ship the Fram.

The Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr Baldwin have all supported the movement in letters, and Mr J. Howard Whitehouse, the headmaster of Bembidge School, has presided over a meeting in London at which a telegram was read from the King warmly approving the scheme. Anyone interested may communicate with Mr Howard Whitehouse.

THE LITTLE SHOP

Action by Signor Mussolini

The C.N. has had several references of late to the question of whether we have too many shops. The subject has now been engaging the attention of Signor Mussolini in Italy.

The Italian Government is actually prohibiting new shops for the supply of foodstuffs unless the shopkeeper shows that the public is inconvenienced by the need for such a shop. Only when it is so will a licence to trade be granted, and this restriction is to remain in force for the next five years.

The reason for such control is found in the many bankruptcies of small shopkeepers, who often begin their business on borrowed money. Italy denies her people the liberty of ruining themselves without doing any good to their neighbours. It is contrary to British ideas of freedom, but no one can deny its effectiveness.

AMERICA'S 122 MILLIONS

Amazing New York

The 1930 census of the United States is beginning to issue reports. The population is now returned at over 122 millions as compared with nearly 106 millions for 1920, when the last census was taken.

New York, the biggest city of America, shows a population of nearly seven millions, an increase of over 1,300,000 since 1920. New York has thus nearly as large a population as what we call Greater London, which includes not only the City of London and the County Council area, but many of the important suburbs outside that area.

What of the future?

America, we may be sure, will not increase as rapidly in the future as in the past. There are two reasons for this. The number of children born is falling and America is drastically reducing immigration.

PASS ON YOUR HAPPINESS

How Roedean is Doing It THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF

There is nothing pleasanter than passing on happiness, as the girls of Roedean know, and this famous school has just done something more for poor people.

Past and present pupils have clubbed together to build a small house on the cliffs outside Rottingdean. It is to be used for sickly little Londoners who need sea air and sunshine and whose parents cannot afford to send them to the sea.

For 25 years the Roedean School Mission has been at work, and the lucky girls who belong to it have been helping unlucky children. Roedean has never taught that pocket-money should be spent on sweets and frills alone; but the seaside home at Rottingdean is a crowning achievement, and it is not strange that Miss Penelope Lawrence, the eldest of the three sisters who founded this famous school, should come to open it.

She had retired, but the Old Roedeanians insisted that no one else should open the cottage, and they cheered her arrival as though she had been a queen. After all, she is a Queen of Hearts.

Long may Roedeanians enjoy giving health to the sick and hope to the sad!

COME TO BRITAIN

The number of foreign tourists who visit this country is steadily increasing; last year the total was 238,391. Of these 102,455 were from the United States and there were 30,894 French and 26,850 Germans.

Although the total number of visitors has increased by 38 per cent since 1926 it is still small compared with the number of English who go abroad. Of these 880,515 either visited or passed through France last year.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 2 1930

Bank Holiday in Our Garden

SUMMER is at full height, the matchless English summer. With it comes the Litter Lout, the matchless English clown.

As the day lengthens and the Sun strengthens the Litter Lout goes on his way, shedding his paper in the fresh woods among the flowers and taking armfuls of flowers back to wither before night.

He leaves his cigarette packets among the daisies on the pastures new. The broken glass of his bottles mingles with the buttercups. Those who love the English countryside for its fragrance and its inborn tidiness sometimes despair when they see it more and more despoiled by the growing multitudes the motor and the charabanc take each year farther and farther afield. Will they never learn that our England is a garden?

There was a nineteenth-century poet in whose gentle heart was a great kindness for those who dwell in towns and could see the lovely country very little. He dedicated a volume of his verses to

You, whom towns immure
And bonds of toil hold fast and sure:
To you across whose aching sight
Come woodlands bathed in April light
And dreams of pastime premature.

We wonder how his kindly thought would survive the spectacle of the pastures and woodlands as they are sure to be on the day after Bank Holiday.

In the House of Commons, when Mr Lansbury was asked why the Office of Works could not prevent anyone from ruining that great national treasure the Roman Wall, he replied that it was simply because the First Commissioner of Works was not endowed with the powers of a Mussolini.

That is true. There is no one, not even the powerful British Government, representative of the powerful British people, who can protect our national property against some who would spoil it. Some of the spoilers are the rich commercial people who place their own pockets above any consideration of beauty or seemliness; in whose eyes an advertisement is a more bewitching sight than any ancient monument, and an Aunt Sally petrol pump more profitable than an ancient abbey.

But other spoilers, we fear, are the plain, unthinking people who hasten out to see things that are lovely and of good report, who are quite aware in their inmost hearts of the beauty of Old England, but have yet to learn that we ourselves and they themselves are its keepers. Beauty is like peace. Those who wish for it must seek it and ensue it.

Let us seek it for ourselves and save it for those who will follow us. We found England beautiful. Pray that you may leave it so.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Hit Below the Belt

IN America boxers are to be encouraged to hit one another below the belt.

The New York Boxing Commission has decided that foul blows are not to disqualify a boxer, who may now apparently do anything he likes to his opponent—short, perhaps, of biting him. This may come next.

Or will the next step be for boxers to armour themselves? When that custom is established professional boxing will be on the road to the employment of armour-piercing boxing gloves.

For some years past the promotion of fights between heavyweight boxers with little but their brutality to recommend them has threatened to extinguish the old-fashioned science of boxing, and the monstrous ruling about foul fighting may drive the last nail into the coffin of the debasing exhibitions which have disgraced promoters and spectators alike during the last few years.

Bang Goes Six Millions

A NEW road bridge with which it is proposed to span the Firth of Forth has everything magnificent about it, including the expense. It would cost £6,000,000.

For this sum, so trifling in these times, a saving of three miles would be effected by motorists and others who travel northward to Perth or Aberdeen from London or the South. It works out at two million pounds a mile.

Those who propose thus to spend the country's money call it a national proposition; but when the scheme is further examined it is found that those who would chiefly benefit would be the citizens of Edinburgh and the inhabitants of the careful county of Fife.

Golfers at St Andrews, or on the pleasant links of Leven and Carnoustie, may dwell on the project with approbation, but as for the rest of us, those down below the Northern Border, do we not think it mad?

The Thing Waiting to be Done

IF the Day had 48 hours and the Night were not coming, how thrilling it would be to say Yes instead of No to this little note from our postbag this week:

Dear Sir. Thousands of us men (and women) would be grateful to you if, before you depart this life, you would launch a daily newspaper on the lines of your inspiring C.N., a daily clean paper for grown-ups. Yours truly, ONE OF THOUSANDS

Mr Kipling's Creed

I EXPECT that every man has to work out his creed according to his own wave-length and the hope is that the Great Receiving Station is tuned to take all wave-lengths.

Rudyard Kipling

The Shabby Gate of Sevenoaks

THE Southern Railway has carried its electrification scheme another step forward in Kent. We wish it would electrify out of existence the hideous advertisement hoardings which make the entrance into Sevenoaks so shabby.

Simplicitas

The roses fault their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

Robert Tannahill

Tip-Cat

AN unbreakable mirror has been invented. Manufacturers will be looking into it.

THE English think if you are different you are wrong. It is safer to be indifferent.

A FRENCHMAN declares that the blonde type of girl will be extinct by 1980.



If the cobbler is true to the last

She can't complain that she hasn't had a fair innings.

A MAN should put himself into his work. It takes him out of himself.

ONE person in five of the population uses glasses of some kind. No wonder our streets are full of strange spectacles.

A MAN complained that he had to pay for a fire-engine which did not put out his fire. It put him out instead.

ARTIFICIAL sunlight makes you feel cheery, says a doctor. Has glowing results.

IT is said that a man's character may be read from his photograph. Only his negative qualities.

A SCIENTIST has been trying to work out a scheme for abolishing sleep. Before it was complete he woke up.

THE revolving sideboard which has just been invented has always been waiting its turn.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A CHEQUE for £10,000 has been given for Child Welfare by Lady Houston.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has received for the nation cheques for £200 and £2000 from people unknown.

A SUNDERLAND lady has bequeathed 25 acres as a public park and children's playground.

JUST AN IDEA

Nothing can make a nation secure if it makes itself hated in the world.

The Gates We Pass By

IT would not be a bad thing perhaps to compile a Book of Thoughts for Motorists. People often ride with very blank minds.

How many of us have thought, when travelling past unknown country gates and catching sight of tranquil country homes, how some of these very houses, uninteresting to us, live in the thoughts of servants of the Flag scattered far about the world?

We have been hearing of that strange forbidden country of Nepal, and of an English couple there—she one of only three white women in the country; he an electrical engineer. They both think all the time of a certain ivy-clad house in glorious Devon with clumps of rhododendrons at the gate. Some day they may have it for their own. The glories of Everest towering into the blue cannot make them forget this English homestead with rhododendrons at the gate and daffodils in the orchard.

But it is good to know that even in that lonely and mysterious place, where natives in their splendid isolation are a thousand years behind the times, there is in the Englishman's bungalow a wireless on which he can hear our concerts.

News From a Tea Room

WE are sometimes rather sorrowful as we think over all the good people in the world who never find, perhaps, the very friend who is waiting for them up the next street. But a happy instance of how a friendship was begun reached us the other day.

Two ladies, an old one and a youthful novelist, sat talking in the restaurant of a beautiful West End shop. At the next table sat a lady alone. When she had finished her tea she came over to the pair.

"Will you forgive me (she said) if I say that I could not help listening to all your conversation?" The other two had been having a very spirited discussion, and glanced at one another amusedly. "And (added the stranger) I have never been so entertained by any talk in my life. I should very much like to know you. My name is So and So. I play in the So and So string quartet."

"And I am So and So," spoke up the young novelist. Neither of these ladies had reached real fame, clever though they were, and they were rather tickled at the idea that neither of them had ever heard of the other.

They smiled at one another, and the novelist tapped a chair beside her invitingly. Down sat the musical stranger, and the friendship was begun.

Who Would?

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.

Cowper

August 2, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE ARMY OF PEACE

FIGHTING FOR HUMANITY

Soldiers Who Build Up Instead of Pulling Down

THE LITTLE REGIMENT OF LAGARDE

The C.N. Monthly has already described the work of the International Volunteer Civilian Service, which organises companies of people willing to give time to relief work in various lands. This year one of its enterprises is helping to build up homes ruined by floods in France.

The scene of the work is in the village of Lagarde, in the South-West of France, where forty men and women of eight countries are cooperating.

Housing the Homeless

Everyone read of the disastrous spring floods which devastated eleven French departments, but the outside world has largely forgotten them. The French Chamber voted 100 million francs for relief purposes, and large sums were contributed by public subscription. Immediate relief was given to the victims, but for various reasons no steps were taken toward the reconstruction of their homes.

In the village of Lagarde, near Montauban, the River Tarn rose from 15 to 25 feet above its normal level, and 105 out of 120 houses were destroyed. Many animals were drowned and six people lost their lives. The survivors were crowded into the few remaining houses, often far from their fields, and others were housed in wooden barracks.

Some members of the International Volunteer Civilian Service who have been at work since May have cleared the sites of many of the ruined houses, sorting out tiles, bricks, and wood which may be of further use, and dumping the rubbish on the river bank.

Holiday Fun

The zeal and enthusiasm of these workers, who give time from their holiday to perform this arduous service, are a delight to see. They receive no reward beyond simple food and lodging and, in some cases, assistance in travelling expenses. Many of them are Swiss, a large number are German, and others are American, Danish, French, Belgian, Austrian, and English. They include doctors, pastors, teachers, a locksmith, a wheelwright, and a shop assistant. There are also eleven pupils from a German school who wield pick and shovel and push wheelbarrows with as much energy and enthusiasm as their older comrades. They find it great fun to spend their holidays in this way, sleeping at night under a tent in a field.

The aim of these workers is to demonstrate that the International Peace Movement is not merely a protest against war, but that peace-loving people are willing to undergo a discipline equal to that of active military service so long as they are engaged in a work of construction rather than in work of destruction.

Hope For the Future

The help of this company is warmly welcomed by the local authorities, and the inhabitants are greatly impressed at finding so many of their late enemies cooperating in the work of restoring their ruined homes.

It is hoped that a regular supply of volunteers will be maintained, so that the work may be continued throughout the summer. If this is done most of the ruined houses in this village will have been cleared away by the end of September, and the work of rebuilding will have been made possible.

The hope of the International Volunteer Civilian Service is, that the time will come when the nations of the world, in considering their national defence, will have no need to provide for any other form of service than this.

THE ROCKET IN SEARCH OF THE FACTS

The rocket men in America are still hopeful.

Professor Robert Goddard, who has more modest ambitions for his rockets than some other would-be explorers, is designing one to reach the uppermost limits of the Earth's atmosphere, and bring back information.

Professor Goddard, who is a serious scientific teacher at Clark University, U.S.A., has a millionaire's support for a rocket which will ascend by the continuous explosions of liquid fuel and will carry recording instruments with it.

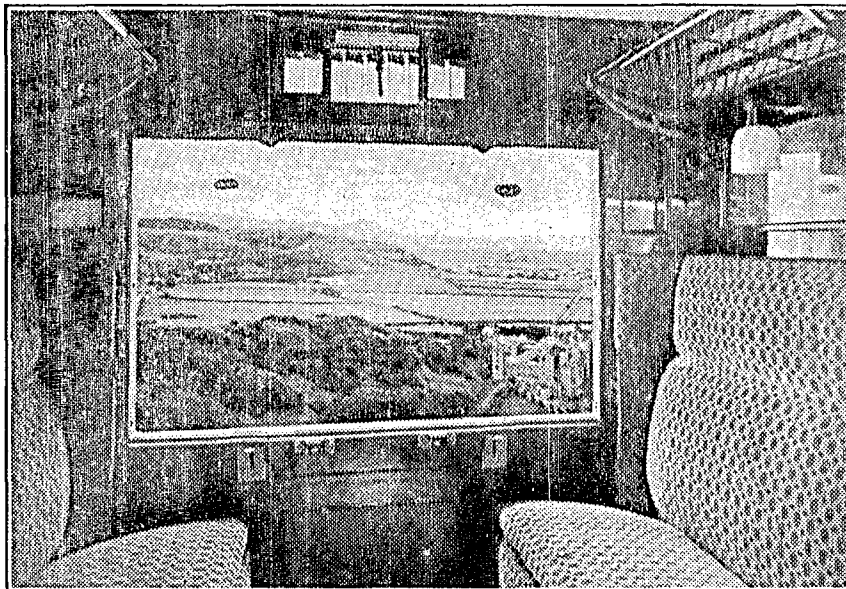
He expects that his rocket will soar as high as 250 miles, passing through the

atmospheric zone where the temperature ceases to fall and begins to rise, and travelling among strata when the atmospheric gases thin out to particles of helium and hydrogen.

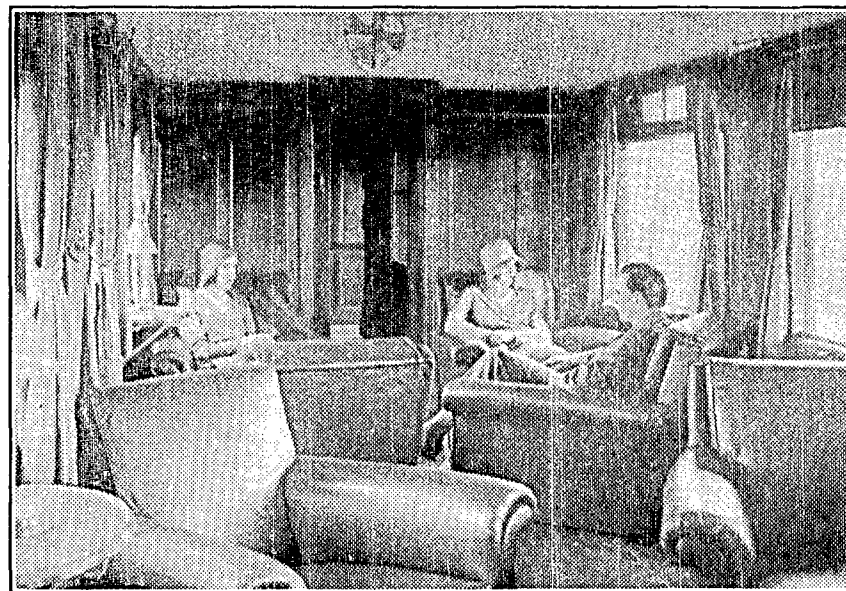
These conditions of the atmosphere are now matters of theory among meteorologists. Professor Goddard's parachutes, attached to his rocket and timed to fall with their recording instruments at heights determined beforehand, will bring back the facts.

This scheme is, at all events, more practicable than those of the rocketeers who would send their rockets to the Moon or across the Atlantic.

THE ROYAL SCOT



A view from one of the new type of windows



A drawing-room on wheels

We give here two pictures taken in the luxurious coaches of one of the new Royal Scot expresses. These wonderful L.M.S. trains are fitted with comforts enough to tempt the most hardened motorist to travel by rail. See page 13.

THE HATTER WHO WOULD BE KING

Something new always comes out of America, as it used to do from Africa. The latest is a hatter from Chicago who claims to be King of France.

His name is M. Louis Philippe Brosseau, and his shadowy claim is that he is the grandson of the unhappy little Dauphin, who was imprisoned in the Temple after the executions of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette.

In a way the Dauphin never dies. There are numberless stories of the way he escaped and lived afterwards in retirement, known only to a few. M. Brosseau's story of his grandfather, who died at 90 and left a silver cross and other relics as testimony of his identity with the Dauphin, is less convincing than many others.

No Royalist Frenchman seriously doubts that the little Dauphin died before he grew to manhood.

THE PLANE THAT SAVED A TRAIN

An air-mail liner of the United States postal service has rendered a great service to the American people.

It saved a train from disaster, and perhaps even saved the life of America's greatest golfer Bobby Jones. After winning the U.S. Open Golf Championship at Minneapolis the hero of two continents was on his way home to Atlanta by train. The train had to cross a bridge at Trevino, Wisconsin, and the bridge caught fire before the train was due.

The air-mail pilot caught sight of the blazing bridge, and, guessing that the train might not have been warned, bore down toward it, swooping repeatedly in its path.

The driver, at first puzzled, grasped at last that something was wrong and pulled up just in time. So Bobby Jones got home safely with the Cup.

500 M.Ps. FROM 32 COUNTRIES

Parliament and Peace

THE M.P. AS SOLDIER OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

England, the Mother of Parliaments, welcomed a noble array of the children of her mind when 500 delegates of Parliaments from 32 countries of the world met in the Conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union.

There have been a number of such conferences, and though the Union and its efforts seemed to be almost extinguished by the war the flame has been lit again; and meetings in Paris, Berlin, and Washington have met in the last six years before this one in London was called. To London came delegates from all the European parliaments, as well as from Egypt, India, Japan, the United States, and the British Dominions.

Russia Then and Now

Twenty-six years ago the Conference met in London, when the only cloud on the prospects of widening parliamentary government in the world was the dissolution of the Russian Duma by the Tsar. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the famous Liberal Prime Minister, spoke words of hope that the Duma might live again. It may be, as one of the speakers at this year's Conference said, that we may still live in hope that the tide has turned in Russia to bring back parliamentary government there.

It rests, as the same speaker (the Duke of Sutherland) said, with the parliaments of the world to rescue it from another war which would kick them all into an abyss from which there would be no returning. It is in the parliaments of free peoples that the fight must be fought for peace.

The Parliaments, as Mr Arthur Henderson reminded the delegates who represented them, are the real fighting forces of the League of Nations. The League has accomplished much. It has done the spade work on which to build the foundations of international co-operation.

Public Opinion

But the deeper it has dug into the questions that divide nations, economic difficulties, and differences of outlook, the more it has revealed that before these difficulties can be adjusted its findings must be backed by the instructed public opinion of the nations. The first duty of every Parliament, said our Foreign Minister, was to turn this opinion into peaceful channels. That is always easier when any people can be made to understand what in England is called "the other fellow's point of view."

To understand the other fellow's point of view is the beginning of fair play; and fair play, even if it begins at home, should not stay there. It should spread its wings over all the world. The Inter-Parliamentary Union can help.

EGYPT

The British View

The strained condition of Egypt continues to give rise to grave anxiety owing to the suspension of Parliament by King Fuad.

It is hoped that the action of the British Government in sending warships for the protection of foreigners will have the desired effect, and that the King of Egypt will realise that no British support is possible for any attempt to govern the country without a Parliament.

The government of Nahas Pasha, who resigned as a protest against the action of King Fuad, was in power with nine-tenths of the voting population behind him; and it cannot be too widely known that, whether we approve of the policy of Nahas Pasha or not, there can be no British approval of anything like a Dictatorship in Egypt.

DOWN BELOW THE WAVE

EXPLORER IN JULES VERNE'S WORLD

Looking Through the Windows of a Steel Chamber

QUARTER OF A MILE DOWN

Dr. William Beebe is an explorer of the ocean whom Jules Verne would have loved. If he has not been twenty thousand leagues under the sea, he has gone down a quarter of a mile below its surface.

The depth to which divers may descend is limited by the degree to which the diving equipment in which they are clothed can resist the enormous pressure of the water on all sides of them. With every 32 feet of depth some 15 pounds a square inch is added.

At any depth between 200 and 300 feet the diver runs great risks, and very great precautions have to be taken to protect him from injury at such depths and from internal harm as he comes up into regions of less pressure.

Dr. Beebe and his companion Mr. Otis Barton avoided both these dangers by descending 1426 feet in the protection of a steel sphere entirely closed. They were batted down in this chamber, which was of steel some inches thick, five feet in diameter, and were provided with oxygen tanks and sodium to absorb the carbon dioxide from their lungs.

A Dim Blue Light

A telephone enabled them to communicate with the boat from which they were lowered, and they looked from their sealed cell into the waters about them through thick windows of quartz.

At the depth of 1426 feet to which the sphere was lowered the pressure was equal to 652 pounds, more than a quarter of a ton to the square inch. Most of the light from the Sun had gone. Only the penetrating blue-violet rays were left, so that the sphere seemed lit by a dim blue light. It was too feeble to enable them to read the markings of the pressure gauges, but it was strong enough to make visible the strange fishes that came sailing past.

These are the depths at which fish begin to carry their own lights, because lower down there is no light at all. Yet at even three times the depth to which Dr. Beebe descended life and light, the light of living phosphorescence, still are found.

TRACKING DOWN THE ASTHMA VIRUS

The medical men who have long been inquiring into the causes of asthma have issued a very cautious hope that they are on the way to finding the way to treat it.

The Asthma Research Council knows that the only way by which an approach can be made to preventing or curing a disease is to find the cause of it.

Asthma has so many forms, and appears in such differing circumstances for different persons, that it is most difficult to pin down any one cause for it.

But the investigators have found one curious effect of asthma which seems common to great numbers of people who suffer from it. These sufferers all produce in their own persons a peculiar substance, chemically a protein, which appears to be a sort of poison producing asthma.

If its exact nature can be discovered, then by dosing the patient with a suitable preparation of it the patient may be made to become immune against further attacks of the disease.

The idea of the treatment is the same as that of vaccination. Probably much remains to be found out and to be done in preparing this asthma substance, but a beginning has been made.

SHAKESPEARE'S MOTHER

The Cottage of Mary Arden

A NEW SHRINE BY THE AVON

Thousands go every year to Anne Hathaway's Cottage and think of Shakespeare walking over the fields from Stratford to Shottery to meet her.

But how many go to the home of the poet's mother, Mary Arden, whose name is one of the loveliest in the English language?

They have been few, for the reason that the cottage known as Mary Arden's is tucked away in the tranquil village of Wilmcote, three miles from Stratford, where only a few Shakespeare pilgrims find their way.

The trustees of the Shakespeare Birthplace have just bought the cottage. They paid £4000 for it, and we must count that a small price for a new Shakespeare shrine which may rank equal in interest with the home of his wife. The trustees have rescued the cottage from the danger of decay, which would have made its preservation difficult or impossible.

A Matter to be Cleared Up

It is easy to visualise the home as it was in Mary's time, for we are told that in the living-room the goods of Robert Arden, her father, included "two table borders, three coshens, three benches, one litle table with shelves, and two painted cloths." The painted cloths were a sign of wealth and social standing, and, painted with Biblical scenes or scenes from classical mythology, they served as tapestries. We may imagine the kitchen bright with brass and pewter and the barns well stocked with corn. It would be a lovely home for Mary, set in the midst of the most English part of all our countryside.

The title deeds which establish the ownership of the cottage have been traced back as far as 1702. The cottage itself was built about 1450. Books old and new refer to it definitely as Mary Arden's, but the search for documents which will prove this legally is still going on, and may continue for months.

DOES THE TURK BELONG TO EUROPE?

Curious Inquiry to Find Out

Turkey has made many unexpected changes during the last ten years.

She has changed her alphabet; abolished the fez; freed her women from the veil; started education for young and old; and is trying to modernise herself in many ways. Her latest enterprise is as strange as any of these and quite as unexpected. She is seeking to prove to the world that by race she is European and not Asiatic.

The Turks came quite recently into Europe. They only conquered Constantinople in the fifteenth century. They came from Asia Minor, and have always been classified as Asian rather than European. Now, however, they object to that classification, and are trying to show by scientific methods that they are no more typical men of Asia than other European nations are. Sooner or later all European races moved in from Asia, and the Turks are now claiming that they are late-comers belonging to the same type as those who left Asia before them.

How can they prove it? Their method is to examine the skulls of men of different races long buried—a thousand skulls as samples. The typical man of Asia is Mongolian in the shape of his skull, but their skulls, they point out, are no more Mongolian than those of Frenchmen or Englishmen, Italians or Poles. So they claim a place with the best by ancestry, and if they have got behindhand in practical life they mean now to catch up. The world will be glad if they do.

THE SHOPKEEPER'S SPLENDID

What Duveens Put in the Window

SHOPPING AS A FINE ART

When Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers he was openly commending our eye for business, and if he had been living now to hear how the firm of Duveen had bought a million pounds' worth of sculptures and paintings from Paris he would have wondered at the glorious thing shopkeeping can be.

Over the counter have passed a bronze by Donatello, the greatest of the sculptors of Florence; a bust by Verrocchio, the man who made the famous equestrian statue of Colleoni which is known to all the world; and other sculptures hardly less beautiful or famous. The painters whose works Duveens will hang in their window will include Ghirlandaio, Filippo Lippi (who painted such saintly Madonnas), and his son Filippo, Bellini, and Neroccio. As the names roll off the pen we seem to be reading again the catalogue of the Italian Old Masters at Burlington House.

Treasures From Paris

These treasures of art have not come from Italy, which is now only too careful to keep her masterpieces at home, but from Paris, where they were collected by M. Dreyfus the banker, in times when masterpieces were easier to find and buy.

But the firm of Duveen, which by its generosity has enriched the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery, is following an English fashion rather than a French one in buying examples of the Old Masters of Europe.

The National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection, the King's pictures, and many a great private collection in England testify to the zeal with which our noble travellers in art in the past brought the best samples home with them.

Now we have sometimes to lament that the Americans are taking the goods over the wide counter of the Atlantic Ocean. But the English shopkeeper among the nobility and gentry of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries bought so well that he can part with many prizes at a profit and still keep the best in the shop.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The population of Japan grows a million a year.

The oldest master mariner in New Zealand, Captain Christopher C. Welch, has lately died at 100.

British Roads for Rumania

A London firm is to make 250 miles of roads in Rumania.

Silent for 100 years

The old bells of Southfleet in Kent are to ring after a silence of 100 years.

Silence

An anti-noise museum in Berlin has a silent piano, silent skittles, and pneumatic door openers.

Charles Kingsley's Daughter

The younger daughter of Charles Kingsley has been awarded a pension of £100 a year from the Government.

A Stupid Error

We much regret that by a stupid error the Erechtheum in Athens was described the other day as the Parthenon.

A Surgery on Wheels

A dentist with a surgery on wheels is now travelling Germany to interest people in the preservation of teeth; he can be seen at work through a window.

650 Knots an Inch

At an exhibition of Persian velvets and brocades the other day rugs were shown woven so finely that they had 650 knots for each inch.

Mr Bernhard Baron

A bust of Mr Bernhard Baron, by Mr Reid Dick, has been unveiled in Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, to which Mr Bernhard Baron gave £10,000.

ARCTIC SUMMER WHEN LIFE GOES AT A GALLOP

Through the Seasons in a Week or Two

ICE CREAM UP NORTH

In the Far North they have to make haste while the Sun shines, and just now ships from warmer latitudes are pressing up to the Arctic carrying supplies which will have to last their receivers through the long night of the Arctic winter.

At the same time they bring down in return the furs and other commodities collected in advance by these dwellers within the Arctic Circle.

A list of the things sent up by the Hudson's Bay Company this summer would make interesting reading, for some of the items which have come to hand reveal surprising facts. One is that the Arctic has a summer, which, though short, is fierce and ardent while it lasts; another is that civilisation is advancing rapidly among the Eskimos.

An Eskimo Laundry

To one native home a washing machine is going. This suggests a great advance on the conditions with which our old-time explorers were familiar. At best even now there can be no washing among the natives throughout the winter. Even white men who remain in the Arctic or the Antarctic for the winter months are unable to bath or even to shave unless they enjoy the luxury of a ship at hand locked in the ice. But one Eskimo home, at any rate, is to have its summer laundry.

More curious than the washing machine, however, is an instrument which has just been sent up to the Arctic for making ice cream. We talk of sweets to the sweet and of coals to Newcastle, but who expected to hear of a machine for making artificial cold being sent into the kingdom of Jack Frost? Such is the fact, however, and in it lies the reminder of the glare and heat of summer that reaches up even to the domain of the reindeer, the polar bear, and the walrus, to seas where icebergs ride and fierce, frigid storms are born.

Birds in the Arctic

Short and brilliant, the Arctic summer is a wonder-worker. Myriads of birds fly North every year to nest in the Arctic Circle. Those that will come down to us in autumn are in the nestling stage there now, and will be beautiful of plumage and powerful of wing when they swoop down on our shores and woods, children of the polar zone.

Vegetation in the Arctic takes life at a gallop. Spring, summer, and autumn are all brought into a few weeks, and growth from seed to bud, to flower, and to seed again rushes in an express cycle. The Arctic has no real trees; its giants are only a few inches high, but of such as it has it possesses microscopic forests in billions.

While this hurrying summer rushes through its little calendar one may tan and blister in the Arctic sunlight and long for cooling draughts and chilling breezes. The want will be remedied in one household at least, that household to which the freezing machine, with its promise of ices, is now on its way.

THE RAILWAY FARE

Certain members of the French Chamber of Deputies being sceptical with respect to a statement of the French Prime Minister that railway transport was cheaper in France than elsewhere, statistics have just been published in Paris showing that the statement is correct.

If we take France as represented by 82, the other countries stand as follow:

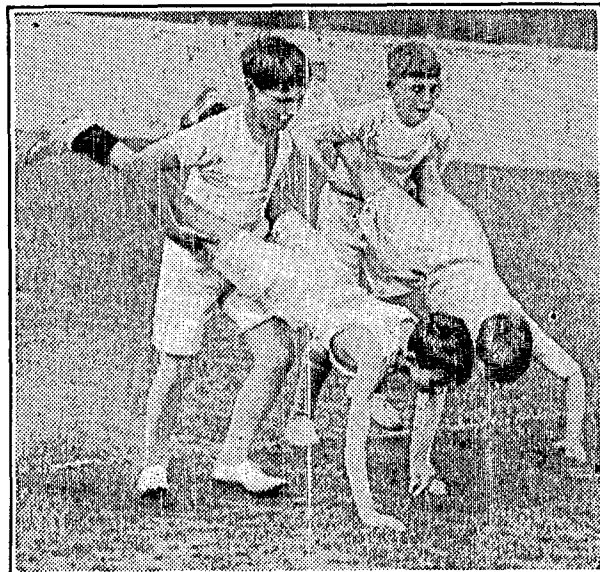
Italy .. 89	Germany .. 125	Holland .. 157
Spain .. 98	Poland .. 130	Switzerland 162
Austria 103	United States 149	Sweden .. 189
Belgium 114	England .. 150	Norway .. 203

August 2, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

9

ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY—RUNNING AND JUMPING TO VICTORY



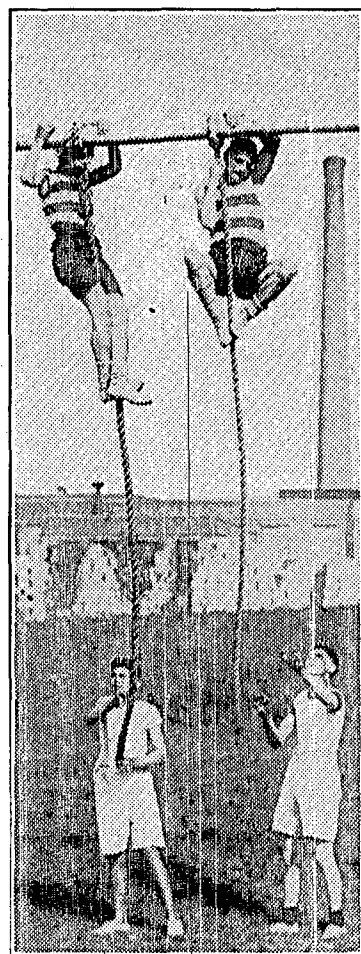
The start of a wheelbarrow race



Over the hurdle



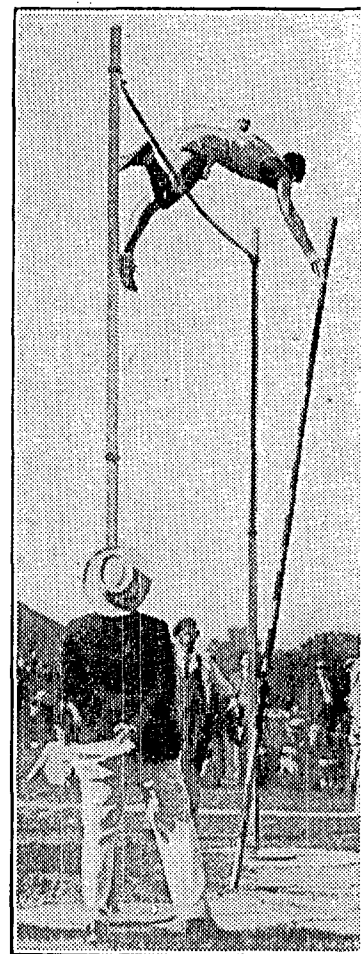
The tea-time race



An exciting obstacle race



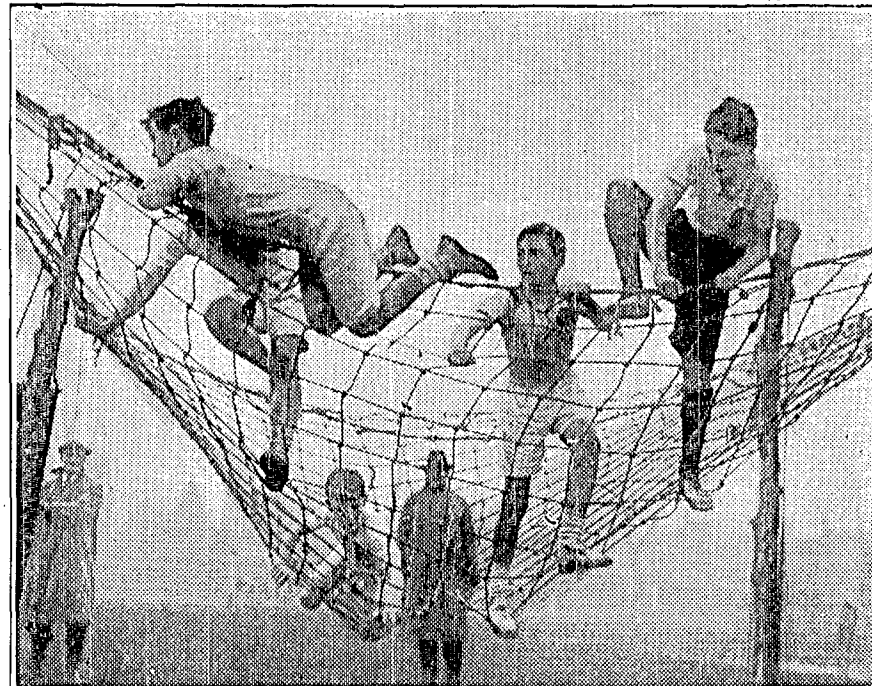
The change-over in a relay race



The pole jump



Getting off the mark for a mile race



Climbing over the net in an obstacle race

This is the height of the summer sports season, when athletic meetings are taking place all over the British Isles. It may be claimed that running and jumping are the ideal forms of sport, for they are the most natural expressions of good health and high spirits. On this page we give a few pictures of the contests that make up Sports Day.

THE MASTER OF THE ABBEY LORD OF OUR NATIONAL SHRINE

Dr Foxley Norris and His
Work at Westminster

A UNIQUE OFFICE

The Dean of Westminster has announced, with great regret we are sure, and to the great regret of all who love the Abbey, that the new scheme for the Sacristy has been found impossible.

The generous friend who was to defray the cost of the Sacristy is therefore free from his obligation, and for the present it would appear that the plan is at an end. It is earnestly to be hoped that some way will be found of meeting the Abbey's needs, for they are urgent and vital, as all of us have come to see.

It is one of the valuable results of discussion of this subject that the Dean has satisfied all critics and all friends that the Abbey must have a Sacristy. The growing place of the Abbey in our national life has made it clear that nothing must be allowed to hamper its functions, and the truth is that the Abbey is in some ways one of the most poverty-stricken churches in Christendom. It has no endowment for its choir; it has no House in which to keep its treasures; it has no proper accommodation for prelates or kings.

A Great Necessity

Dr Foxley Norris, who hoped that his deanery might be associated with the passing of all these disadvantages and the building of a Sacristy worthy of the Abbey's dignity, will still, we hope, see his dream come true. It is to his credit that he has, at any rate, convinced the public and the nation of the great necessity of ending an impossible state of things.

As Dean of Westminster, Dr Norris holds a post which has not its like in Christendom. He is the paramount guardian, not only of one of the loveliest buildings in the world, but of the ashes of a thousand years of illustrious men and women.

The Dean has sole jurisdiction in the Abbey. There, among the immortal dead, the deathless legends, traditions, and history, surrounded on all hands by glory and splendour and hallowed loveliness, he is spiritual and temporal king, subject on Earth not to Parliament, Primate, or people, but only to the King himself. By the Constitution the Sovereign is the only authorised Visitor, as the temporal superior is technically known. For the rest the Dean is master of the Abbey.

Last of the Norman Abbots

A cathedral is the chief church of a diocese, and in it is the cathedral or chair of the bishop. There is no bishop's chair at Westminster. The Coronation Chair, in which our kings are crowned, is there, but none for the bishop. Only for a brief period during the reign of Henry the Eighth, when all Church forms were changing, was Westminster a cathedral under the rule of a bishop. The Dean is undisputed lord of this incomparable fane.

This high privilege of the Dean was the last of the Norman gifts to the great church. In 1214 a favourite of our wretched King John was appointed abbot in the person of William de Humez, a Norman who came from William the Conqueror's abbey at Caen. He was the first Westminster abbot to represent us abroad as an ambassador, the first of a long line to speak for us when Latin was the international tongue and English nobles were too idle to learn it.

Humez, the last of the Norman abbots, prospered in the English abbey, though the country was rent asunder, though London was in the hands of the Dauphin of France at the death of John, and though all the Abbey regalia, which

THE LINES ON YOUR HAND What Put Them There?

MONKEYS AND THEIR FINGER-PRINTS

A monkey was produced as evidence in one of the London police courts the other day. "Take its finger-prints," suggested the magistrate.

Probably those in court who laughed did not know that Science has taken many monkey finger-prints. A fine series of them may be seen at the Natural History Museum in London, a memorial to the scientific curiosity of the late Richard Lydekker.

In the course of his experience this well-known naturalist "read" the hands (and feet) of many animals, from the great apes down to dogs and cats. His practice was to coat the hand or foot in printer's ink and press it on paper. The impression left on the paper showed all the lines and ridges, including the microscopic horny prominences called papillae, which, arranged in definite patterns, are to be found on the hands of a multitude of animals.

What the Marks Indicate

The ape hand has its characteristics as ours has, and so has the monkey's, the marmoset's, and the lemur's. One pattern does not suffice for all species of monkeys. The more the monkey hand is developed the higher is the development of the markings on the hand. Where an ape or a monkey uses its hands more like hooks than as helps in climbing the system of ridges and eminences is primitive, while it is highly complicated and arranged in patterns of spirals and whorls in a hand which grasps a bough as we should.

Finger-prints were not devised by Nature as a clue to identity; the characters which give the prints serve a definite purpose. In spite of what foolish palmists tell their foolish customers, the lines on the hand by which they pretend to read the future are simply the result of the work done by the hand and the positions assumed for that work.

Tail-Prints

The tiny cones which a microscope enables us to see on our finger-prints and on various parts of the palm are to enable us to grip. In each cone is a tiny sweat gland, for moisture increases grip; and in many of them there is also the end of one of the tactile nerves by which the sense of touch discharges its function. According to life and needs, so is the hand supplied in this manner.

The feet of monkeys have similar, though fewer, markings, and we can get tail-prints from certain monkeys, opossums, and tree porcupines whose tail tips are marked with characters which make them grasping organs that are as effective as hands.

Continued from the previous column

should have been used for the crowning of the boy King Henry the Third, lay at the bottom of the Wash.

Trouble came not from princes or barons, but from the Bishop of London, who demanded the right to rule the Abbey. This would have implied a thousand vexations. The Norman abbot stoutly resisted, and with the aid of his monks produced a large number of deeds and charters to prove to the Pope and his prelates that the Abbey was exempt from the bishop's jurisdiction.

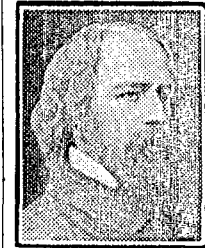
The commission which investigated the matter believed all the documents to be genuine, and decided in favour of the Abbey; and from that day to this the deans who succeeded the abbots have enjoyed unchallenged authority. Beneath the sway of these dignitaries sleep kings and queens, poets, philosophers, philanthropists, explorers, soldiers, sailors, statesmen, and a mighty host of plain and famous folk who shine illustrious in the story of our land.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK The Master Poet of the Victorian Era

On August 6, 1809, Lord Tennyson was born.

Alfred Tennyson will always rank as one of England's great poets. His aim in life was to be a poet, and in the end he attained a widespread popular success.

His father was the scholarly rector of Somersby, Lincolnshire. Alfred was the fourth child of a family of 12, and he and his brothers were chiefly educated by their father. Three of them were at Cambridge together.



Lord Tennyson

There Tennyson developed rapidly. He had many clever friends who all thought they saw greatness in him. His best friend, whom he almost worshipped, was Arthur Hallam.

At 20 Tennyson won the Chancellor's prize medal with a poem on Timbuctoo, and next year published Poems Chiefly Lyrical; but the critics did not see in this first volume any great promise. His father having died, the poet left Cambridge and went to live in the rectory at Somersby, where he wrote Poems, published late in 1832. He was only 23, but in this volume are poems, such as The Lotus Eaters, as fine as anything he ever wrote. And yet he was attacked rather than appreciated.

Ten Sad Years

It is a common weakness of poets to have a too-sensitive mind, and Tennyson was weak in this way. Troubles crowded thick upon him. He was disappointed with the reception given to his work. His friend Hallam died. He was downcast and in ill-health. He was in love and had not the means on which to marry. He determined not to publish another book for ten years.

Those were ten sad years. But though he was not publishing anything his fame was growing, and when, in 1842, he published his Poems revised and with many fine additions, such as Morte d'Arthur, Locksley Hall, and Ulysses, it was felt that he was indeed the poet of the day. In 1845 the Government gave him a pension of £200 a year, and when, in 1850, in Memoriam, the poem expressing his grief for his friend Hallam, was published, he was carried on by a flood-tide of fame if not fortune.

Idylls of the King

Opinions about Tennyson's later poems have ebbed and flowed a great deal. His Idylls of the King, his most ambitious work, was immensely popular for a time, but has since been felt to be artificial and too thinly spread, except in two or three of its books. Maud, which had a hostile reception, has established itself as one of his strongest and most fascinating poems. Some of his national poems (he succeeded Wordsworth as Laureate in 1850) are soul-stirring. The Ode on the Death of Wellington, The Charge of the Light Brigade, The Ballad of the Revenge, and The Defence of Lucknow are examples.

His Plays, written in later life, did not succeed on the stage, except Becket. But he developed a vein of humour in depicting Lincolnshire rural character that was entirely unexpected and completely natural, and his songs, wherever they appeared, were charming.

Tennyson wrote, and wrote well, almost to the end of his life. He died October 6, 1892, aged 83. He had won a peerage and a fortune by his poetry. His life had been dignified and honourable, and the nation laid him to rest in the great Abbey.

IF

If every boy in this country joined some voluntary organisation on leaving school the prisons would be half empty and the hospitals less full in the next generation.

Mr B. L. Q. Henriques

A CITY AND A TREE WHAT HAPPENED TO A MOTORIST

The Eye of Science in the
Heart of the Forest

X-RAYS TO THE RESCUE

In the height of a storm a motorist drew up his car by the kerb to shelter beneath a tree. It crashed.

The city where this unfortunate accident happened was sued for damages and ordered to pay them. The authorities had taken reasonable precautions against the accident; for three months before all the trees along the public road had been carefully examined by men who knew their business. They had condemned thirteen, but one had been left because it seemed so sound and healthy.

But a tree may have dangerous areas of decay within it which do not reveal themselves, and which even the test of boring may fail to discover. Usually if there are any outward symptoms of rottenness within the tree is bored. But sometimes the rotten part is missed.

The Deceptive Elm

The English elm, one of the prides of our parks, is especially deceptive. After the storms of our winters there are always fine elms in Richmond Park and sometimes in Kensington Gardens which are laid low, and when down disclose the inner weakness that their beauty hid.

In New York State, where the accident took place, the authorities are making experiments to find if trees can be usefully X-rayed for internal defects. Wood is relatively transparent to the rays, which show up knots or cavities in it; and this method of examination has been found useful in scrutinising the wooden parts of aeroplanes for defects in material or workmanship.

The experiments on growing trees were preceded by some on logs cut from trees that had been felled. The X-ray photographs of sections revealed, in one log, a large cavity and a knot about which were dark areas that proved to be smaller holes. The grain of the wood was also discernible. Decay, like cavities, was always darker in the radiograph.

For examining living trees the X-ray apparatus was connected with the local electric lines. The equipment was carried on a small truck, and a number of photographs were taken of trees and of electric light poles. What appeared to be symptoms of decay were found in several of the radiographs.

More Information Needed

It will be necessary before much use can be made of this method to gain more information as to what is to be looked for when an X-ray photograph of wood is made. In thin sections even the live insect-borers can be made out. Naturally hard, dense woods are less easily penetrated than soft, light ones.

In telegraph poles the rays pass less easily if the wood is moist. Decayed wood, in either poles or trees, lets the rays through better than sound wood. At the present time the difficulties arise not in X-raying telegraph poles, but in applying the method to the examination of large trees more than eighteen inches in diameter.

With powerful X-ray apparatus these could be penetrated, but with the ordinary equipment which a local authority can command most of the trees along a public highway—and all the telegraph poles—could be diagnosed for weaknesses or defects.

NO NEED FOR THEM

There is no necessity for the conglomeration of enamel iron signs that spoil the countryside. Newspaper advertising can now reach everyone.

A Shell Advertiser

THE CELESTIAL DRAGON

MORE LIKE A SERPENT

The Star By Which Ancient Mariners Steered Their Ships

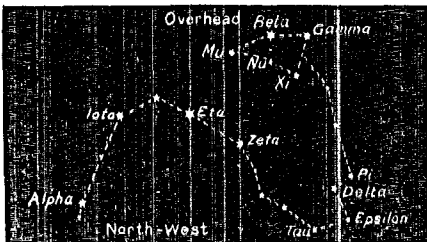
XI, MU, AND NU

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great constellation of Draco, the celestial Dragon, which at one time was the most important in the heavens, is now directly above us in the evening sky.

It is of particular interest on account of its great antiquity, going back to early Egyptian and Chaldean times; and also owing to the fact that in those times and for several thousand years the North Pole of the heavens was within this constellation. That of Ursa Minor, the Little Bear, described in the C.N. last week, had then no existence, its stars, including Polaris, the present Pole Star, constituting a Wing of Draco.

The present Dragon is shorn of its wings, its body resembling that of a



The chief stars of the Dragon

serpent, the head alone having the appearance credited to the fabled Dragon of the ancients.

This Head of Draco is now exactly overhead between 10 and 11 o'clock, and may be easily recognised if the sky is dark and clear. The stars Beta and Gamma in Draco and the fainter ones, Xi, Mu, and Nu, form the singular outline shown in our star-map, the broken lines in which, connecting the stars, roughly indicate the sinuous course of the constellation.

Both Beta and Gamma in Draco are composed of two stars, each having a faint companion apparently very near it, but possibly only seen in the line of sight and actually farther away from the much brighter star than we are, this notwithstanding the fact that Beta is about 650 light-years distant and Gamma 271 light-years away, or 17,200,000 times as far as our Sun.

The fainter stars Mu and Nu are actually double, each being composed of two stars. Those of Mu are very close together and require a powerful telescope to show them separated. They have been found to be revolving round a central point between them and calculated to take 648 years to do so. These stars are but 74 light-years distant, while the two stars composing Nu are 142 light-years distant. They may be glimpsed in good field-glasses. Xi in the Head of Draco is 116 light-years away.

Handle of the Plough

The other leading stars of the Dragon will be found to be of but medium brightness. Of these by far the most interesting and noteworthy is Alpha in Draco, this star, of only third magnitude and situated almost midway between Beta in Ursa Minor and Mizar, the middle star in the handle of the Plough, was once the Pole Star.

This was between 4000 and 5000 years ago, so it was then the star by which the mariners of that age guided their ships by night. In those days the star now known as Polaris appeared to revolve round Alpha, the first star of the Dragon; hence its importance. Now Alpha appears to revolve round Polaris, the first star of the Little Bear. This is the result of the slow change in the direction of the Earth's axis of rotation known as the Precession of the Earth's Axis.

G. F. M.

A WORD IN SEASON

The Litter Lout Stands to Attention

What a sergeant-major did on Morecambe platform might be read as a lesson to the untidy army of litterers.

On the platform was a group of five youthful Territorials from a neighbouring camp. The light-hearted detachment was enjoying itself hugely, munching large slabs of recently purchased chocolate, and strewing the cartons and wrappers on the platform while walking and talking.

A little farther along a retired sergeant-major, no longer in uniform, watched them with growing disgust. At last his feelings were too much for him.

Suddenly into the conversation of the lads broke his voice in the Army command: *Parade! Shun!*

They heard the familiar rasp, they scarcely looked to see where it had come from. Their mouths opened and then shut. Their hands, still grasping the chocolate, fell. They stood to attention.

Pick It Up

The sergeant-major strode up to them without for a moment relinquishing his attitude of command, though it was years since he had given orders to a file of men, and, sternly surveying his unwilling recruits, he said: "Would you make all that litter in camp?"

"No, sir," said the nearest. "Then," returned the sergeant-major, "you are not going to make it here. Pick it up! Jump to it!"

They jumped. They picked it up, and they were not alone in receiving a lesson or in taking it to heart. Other passengers on the platform, who had been discarding their paper rubbish under seats and benches and elsewhere, picked it up (rather furtively), and Morecambe platform became clean with an unusual tidiness for holiday-times.

Our greeting to the sergeant-major. We wish he could have been passing the other day through the little town of Melton Mowbray, where the streets were the untidiest streets we have seen in England since the Litter Lout began to lout.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What Are the Satellites of Uranus and Neptune?

Uranus has four: Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon, and their diameters are probably from 200 to 500 miles. Neptune has one satellite, Triton. Its diameter is estimated to be about the same as our Moon, 2163 miles.

How Did We Get the Names of the Measures?

Inch, the twelfth of a foot, is from the Latin uncia, a twelfth part. Hand, four inches, the supposed width of the palm, is from the human hand, which was used as a convenient measurer. Foot is from the human foot, on which the measure was based. Yard is from the Anglo-Saxon gyard, a rod, a rod three feet long being used as a standard measure.

How Many Reindeer Are in Alaska?

Between 1891 and 1902 about 1300 reindeer were imported into Alaska. Today there are more than a million, though 300,000 have been used for food and clothing. They probably represent more actual and potential wealth than all the Alaskan goldfields.

What Metals and Woods Float in Water?

The specific gravity of water is reckoned as 1, and anything of less specific gravity will float in water. Here are the metals that float with their specific gravities: Barium .47, lithium .59, potassium .87, sodium .97. All woods float except Cape boxwood 1.19, Turkey boxwood 1.08, Bulletwood 1.12, Indian cedar 1.32, Cocus 1.48, Jamaica cogwood 1.08, Indian ebony 1.21, Greenheart 1.2, Ironwood 1.15, Jamaica lignum-vitae 1.06, and Maracaibo lignum-vitae 1.11, Australian red mahogany 1.11, Australian desert oak 1.14, Italian oak 1.17, Pomegranate 1.36, and Tewart 1.16. These all sink in water.

C. L. N.

Members by the Sea

ARE YOU HELPING?

Number of Members—17,874

Many members of the Children's League of Nations are at present enjoying their holidays by the sea. It is a good opportunity to spread the membership of the C.L.N. in seaside towns.

Unfortunately in many of the most popular seaside resorts there are few members at present. Here is an opportunity for members from big cities to do some pioneer work.

Torquay, the most popular holiday centre in beautiful Devon, has only six C.L.N. members. Bournemouth is far the best town, with 48 members. Portsmouth has also done well with 29; Southsea and Southampton have between them 26.

Cleethorpes has done well, having a membership of 23; Grimsby comes next with twelve. Folkestone and Sandwich have eight each.

Out of a total membership of 17,874 of the Children's League of Nations nearly a thousand are to be found in countries outside the British Isles. There are members now in over thirty countries, on all the continents. As is to be expected, the largest proportion of these members is to be found in the British Dominions.

South Africa Leads

In April the race for the largest membership in the Dominions was between South Africa and Australia. Canada has now entered the lists and has already beaten Australia. South Africa, however, maintains the leadership with a membership of 325. Canada has 157 members and Australia 111. Of the other Dominions, New Zealand and Newfoundland are exactly equal with 42 each, while India has 59. Of the British Colonies, West Africa has done best with 138 members.

Among the European countries Switzerland, as befits the home of the League of Nations, has the largest membership outside the British Isles. It has 47 members, Denmark coming next with 29. France has 13 members and Germany 8.

If any readers of the C.N. have friends or correspondents in the Dominions or foreign countries we hope they will be sure to tell them about the Children's League of Nations. The number of members in these lands grows steadily, but we want the increase to be much more rapid. We can make certain of this if every member will do a little more.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: Children's League of Nations, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

THE WHITE STICK

Most good ideas are simple, and cause people to say: "Why has no one thought of that before?"

The latest good idea has been submitted to the Liverpool Safety First Council by a blind man who did not give his name. He suggests that all blind men should carry white sticks.

In a short time the public would get to know a white stick for a sign of blindness, and drivers would be wary of pedestrians who carried them. Other pedestrians, too, would be grateful for some such way of recognising the blind and the opportunity it would give of offering small services.

Every blind person should have his white stick, his wireless set, his Braille newspaper, and his faithful friend.

The Kolynos Kiddies

Nº 5



The Kolynos Kiddies

Went out for a walk
And met a small boy
With a face white as chalk.

He said: "My tooth's aching!"
They pitied his plight,
But said: "Do TRY Kolynos
Morning and night!"

Kolynos cannot cure toothache, but by preserving the teeth it prevents them from decaying too early; "prevention is better than cure," of course. Kolynos keeps the teeth clean, strong and white. It hardens the gums, and destroys all acid-germs in the mouth.

Half-an-inch of sweet-smelling, clean-tasting Kolynos on a dry brush is enough to use after a meal, or for the morning or evening cleansing.

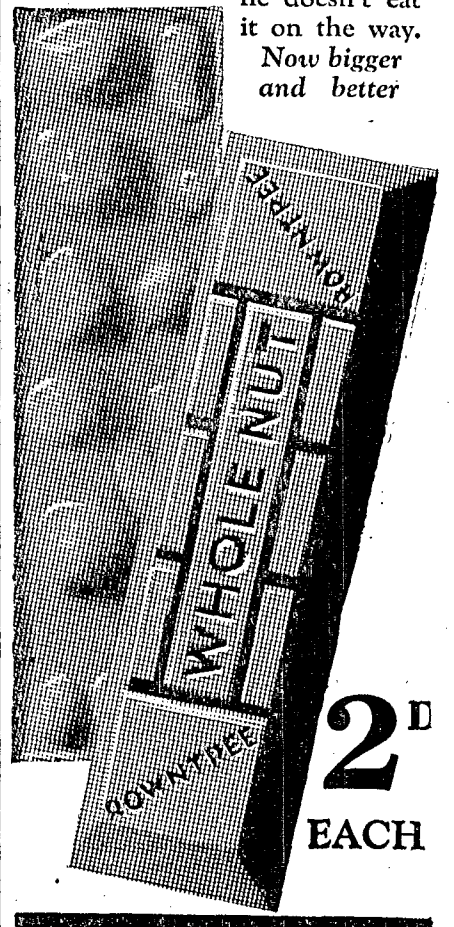
KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Test Kolynos free. Send a card to-day to Kolynos (Dept. 50E), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1, giving your name and address. You will receive a free sample by return of post.

All dentists recommend Kolynos; every Chemist sells it.

"Ask Daddy"

Ask Daddy to bring Rowntree's
Whole Nut Stick home to-night
—but take care
he doesn't eat
it on the way.
Now bigger
and better





That Lovely Clean after-feeling makes Gibbs Dentifrice the chosen above all others

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AN AUSTRALIAN'S VIEW OF US

The Man Who Missed 20 Million Sheep

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Those who are going abroad for their holidays this summer must beware of making the mistake made by a certain visitor to England.

He came from New South Wales, and after travelling through Scotland and England wrote to the agricultural correspondent of The Times to say that he had seen thousands of acres with practically not a hoof on them.

This, he said, was very different from the impression he had got when travelling on the Continent.

He was a little shocked at the waste of England's well-watered and well-grassed pastures for the lack of beasts to graze upon them.

A Casual Glance

But his glance was too casual. The pastures of Britain are far from being hoofless. The agricultural correspondent of The Times vouches for the fact that this little island has a larger aggregate of sheep than the whole of Europe, omitting Hungary and Russia.

The British Isles own more sheep than all Queensland.

How was it that the visitor missed our 23,660,000 sheep?

They must have been sheltering from the sun under trees and hedges while his train went by. It does not do to trust to first impressions. The New South Wales man's mistake leads us to wonder if our own opinions of other countries have been given too hastily. In future, perhaps, Englishmen will not speak so readily of the barren Spanish plains, or conclude that the only things grown in Holland are tulips.

NEW YORK STILL CLIMBING 1248 Feet Up

New York is still climbing, climbing. The Chrysler Building, with 101 storeys and 1030 feet, is to be outdone by the Empire State Building, clad in shining armour and pointing like a silver spear 1248 feet to the skies.

These figures are a little benumbing to the British mind. Let us hasten to say that the tallest residential building in London is still the ugly block of Queen Anne's Mansions, with 14 storeys, and that our building regulations frown on any storeyed building with a coping more than 80 feet above street level.

This newest New York skyscraper would look far down on the cross of St Paul's Cathedral, a beggarly 360 or 380 feet above the pavement, and though we shall continue to think it can never be so beautiful, it will be as striking an object as anything the Old World can show.

Its ninety-seven higher storeys will be covered with a rustless alloy of steel placed on the limestone structure in strips, and its metal surface will reflect the sun like silver. The base of five storeys, like a plinth, will cover 84,000 square feet, and will be of unadorned limestone.

Architects see in this use of metal as part of a structure a forecast of a new future in building, when new materials, perhaps new alloys, may be more important than stone or concrete.

The building is to be topped by a mast 200 feet high, which is the height of the great pine flagstaff at Kew. But it is to be made strong enough to bear the pull of an airship attached to it.

The only difficulty we can see is that of getting the airship tied up there, but that will doubtless be surmounted.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher
to use the Humane Killer

THE EARS OF A FISH Does It Hear With Them?

English scientists after many experiments have long agreed that fish do not hear with their ears.

A professor of Munich University has just declared that he differs from them, maintaining that the fish he has tested come to their feeding place at the sound of various instruments of music.

Our own experience is that fish have excellent eyes and good memories. They get to know the hand that feeds them, and to come at its bidding, or even without bidding. The sight of a familiar form suggests food, and the food they seek needs no garnishing with musical honours.

It seems established that although fish have ears the ears are not for hearing, but for maintaining balance. Fishes are not insensible to sound. Any violence whose vibration is transmitted through the water is felt by the sensory nerves on the skin of the fish and serves to warn and alarm them as acutely as our ears serve us.

An Easily-Made Test

The test can be easily made for ourselves. If we stand out of sight yet quite near to a pond in which fish are we may make all the noise we choose without disturbing them. If, on the other hand, we stamp gently on the ground the fish dart away in terror.

If we stand within sight of the fish and clap our hands they are alarmed not because we made a noise, but because of the sudden movement of our hands. The movement even of a finger will serve to frighten them.

The ears of fishes, equipped with curious little stones on which are rings, one for each year, recording the age of the fish, enable them to preserve their balance in the water. The air bladder, the little silvery sac we find in their bodies, is the method by which they govern depth.

Fish are wonderfully made, and some are capable of emitting sounds, but they seem to be deaf to noise. Only through their skins do they appear to hear, and that hearing is apparently mere feeling, the picking up of signals, as we suppose an insect to pick up another insect's signals by its antennae.

ON KINDERLOW IN A STORM

A Holiday Pleasure

The ways of holiday-makers are passing strange. One of our readers sends us a description of an experience he "would not have missed for worlds."

He was out on the open ridge of Kinderlow, a part of the wild Derbyshire moorland of Kinderscout, more than 2000 feet above the sea, when a terrific thunderstorm burst over the mountain.

He had permission to camp in that wild spot, and he had put up his tent when the storm swept down upon him. Almost immediately he was drenched to the skin. Flash followed flash with amazing rapidity. Round his tent the sheep and birds gathered, and ever insects hurried there for shelter, till at last he pulled the tent down and sought shelter under a shelf of rock. The sheep and birds found a similar refuge, the sheep bleating disconsolately at first, but the birds were wonderfully quiet and still.

From above he watched the near-by trickling stream become a raging torrent, which was soon spreading destruction below. Of that, however, he did not think at the time. The heather when touched gave a tingling sensation. The bilberry plants twitched when the worst flashes of lightning came, and some of the cowering insects became luminous, but lost their glow when the storm had passed by.

Few of us would covet such an experience, but this enthusiastic open-air lover, though he admits he was at times frightened, revels in the recollection

August 2, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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BOUBOULINA ON THE STAMP

Why She Is There

It is a hundred years since Greece succeeded in freeing herself from the Turkish yoke, and the Greek Government has just issued a beautiful set of 18 stamps to commemorate the centenary of the struggle for freedom.

The 4-drachmae stamp gives the map of Greece; the white half shows how much territory was liberated by 1830 and the blue half shows the various portions of Greek soil that have been liberated since 1830.

The 25-drachmae and the 50-drachmae give pictures of the Declaration of Independence and the final sortie of the garrison of Missolonghi.



The other 14 stamps give excellent portraits of some of the many heroes of the Greek War of Independence. Thirteen of these heroes are men, but the fourteenth is a woman. It is very fit and proper she should have a place in this portrait gallery of national heroes. We see her on the 50-lepta stamp and her name is Lascarina Bouboulina. This is what she did to earn the lasting gratitude of her countrymen.

Bouboulina was the rich widow of Captain Bouboulis, who had been murdered by Turks in Constantinople because it was known that he was a member of a Greek secret society which was busy organising the revolution.

Bouboulina's Tragic End

After the death of her husband Bouboulina determined to carry on his work for the freedom of Greece, and for this she bought four ships and armed them at her own expense. With these four ships she cruised up and down the eastern coast of the Peloponnese and took part in all the operations against the Turks during the summer of 1822.

In spite of all she had done to help her country on the road to liberty Bouboulina was shot dead at Spetsai in 1825 by her own countrymen. It is a little doubtful what was actually the cause of the murder of this noble woman, but the oppressive measures of Ibrahim Pasha had reduced the people of the Greek islands to poverty and despair. Poor Bouboulina, in spite of all she had done, was looked on as the cause of all their troubles, and it is thought that for this reason some disappointed islanders shot her.

But it is good to know that the Greeks of today have not forgotten what Bouboulina did a hundred years ago for their country.

THE LUCKY VILLAGE

How to Know It

Every summer Mr and Mrs Artisan and their children crowd into motor-buses or railway trains bound for the seaside. Every summer Mr and Mrs Candlestick-Maker make a trip abroad.

We take the holiday rush for granted. But Mr Frank Briant, the famous public worker in Lambeth who was formerly an M.P., has just pointed out that it is a new thing.

The working-man used not to have a fortnight's country holiday, but merely one day's beanfeast. In the last 30 or 40 years working-people have decided to spend less money on alcohol and more money on holidays.

Mr Briant said to the Royal Commission on Licensing the other day that he would go to look at villages with any member of the Commission and pick out, *merely by the look of the village street*, those villages that had no public-house. If it is bright and prosperous, if the children are well dressed, and if the people are talking of going to the sea, then we can be sure there is no Green Dragon round the corner.

TRAINS SAFER THAN EVER

And More Enjoyable All Round

ENTERPRISE OF THE L.M.S.

What British railways can do is being constantly shown to us by the enterprising L.M.S.

The new twin 1930 model Royal Scot expresses now leaving London and Scotland at 10 o'clock each weekday morning are made up of coaches of an entirely new design.

These luxury trains are the outcome of years of experiment, yet the company intends to go on designing better trains. The world's record of 401 miles from London to Glasgow without a stop, already made by a Royal Scot express, may be beaten by the Royal Scot of the future.

Waists have come in again as far as dress fashions are concerned, but the special feature in the new, balanced-type windows of these improved trains is that they have no waistlines. The windows are wider and deeper so that travellers can look out on unbroken scenery.

No Draughts

In these new trains it is unlikely that we shall meet the passenger who pushes past us to a seat on the body side of the car, for both first and third-class compartments are fitted with double sliding doors into the corridor. Thus the passengers sitting at either side have an equally good view.

Some other familiar types of passenger may disappear, for ventilation without draught has been one of the chief objects of the designer of these vehicles, Mr E. J. H. Lemon.

Each train is 846 feet long and weighs over 400 tons without the engine. Every seat is numbered, and 360 people can be carried. Passengers can dine in large vestibule cars or coupes, and the travelling coaches are also built as vestibules and compartments.

Better heating and lighting and more accommodation for hand luggage are other improvements, but best of all is the new all-steel type of guard's van on each train, fitted with tools and fire extinguishers.

Pictures on page 7

LANDING FROM THE SKY IN A FOG

Landing safely through a real fog from the air seems to be easy with a new device that was tried at Farnborough the other day.

Two things are needed, one of them being a small captive balloon a few hundred feet up in the air (higher than the fog), and the other a small weight suspended from the aeroplane by a wire a few feet long. When the airman sees the balloon he knows that the landing-place is close in front and he glides down to earth. As soon as he does so he dips into the fog, but the moment he nears the earth the suspended weight touches the ground and gives a warning signal by lighting up a red lamp on the dashboard.

A WINDOW IN FRANCE

The writer was looking the other day at the sparkling sapphire windows of the ancient and noble Cathedral of Chartres, in the company of the great authority on thirteenth-century glass, Monsieur Houvet, who has written the final word on his subject.

He has been sacristan and custodian for over thirty years, but, standing back for a moment in the aisle, with his trenchant countenance thrown back to regard the noble window known the world over as Notre Dame de la Verrière, he exclaimed with a sudden transport of delight at its glory: *Is it not delicious?*

It was as if he had seen it for the very first time!

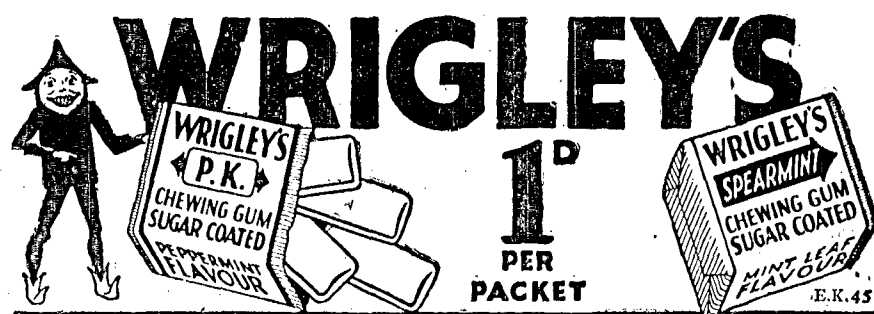
Tired and Thirsty?

"NEVER drink on the march" is a good rule. Have some Wrigley's Chewing Gum instead. A delightful sweet. And the pure, cool flavour refreshes the mouth—bucks you up, as nothing else can.

"Wrigley's after every meal"—another good rule. It aids digestion and cleanses the teeth.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, but the finest quality money can buy. The flavour lasts.

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15,000 children from homes of poverty in East End slums will, this summer, be given a day's holiday at the seaside or in the country. 2/- pays for one child, giving him, or her, twelve hours' happiness. Between 500 and 600 of the most delicate and sickly boys and girls will be sent to a holiday home for a fortnight at a cost of 30/- each. Tired-out mothers and old people will also be given a holiday. Stepney is London's most over-crowded and poorest borough. Please send generous help. Contributions greatly needed, thankfully acknowledged by the Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

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CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 37

In Hiding

THE shock was so great that Jim nearly dropped his paddle.

If it had been bad before his situation was now desperate for, tired as he was, he could never hope to escape from these men who barred his way to the sea. Even if they did not belong to the same tribe as the cannibals who were chasing him, it was certain that they would not let him pass, for a white man's head is the greatest of trophies in the eyes of a Solomon Islander.

He looked quickly to right and left. On the right the bank was still too high to climb, but on the left it was lower and there seemed some chance that he might be able to land there and hide in the bush. With all speed he turned his canoe in that direction, only to see the canoe in front turn the same way to cut him off. He paddled with all his might, yet before he reached the bank the other canoe was almost on him.

"Marse Jim! It all right. We Motu and Kupa."

Jim could not speak. This second shock had almost finished him. Next moment the two natives were alongside and then Jim came to himself.

"They're after me," he gasped. "Head-hunters. They'll be round the bend in two minutes. Get in with me and hurry."

The two were aboard in a matter of seconds. Motu spoke.

"No good we go back down river, Marse Jim. Them fellows catch us pretty quick."

"Then where can we go?" demanded Jim.

"Him way ober dere," Motu told him, pointing a little distance down the left bank. "Get to it then," said Jim; but Motu and Kupa were already paddling, and with Jim helping the light canoe fairly leaped downstream.

As for the other canoe, it drifted away toward the bank. They had no time to save it. Lift and dip, lift and dip—all three were working for dear life. Suddenly Jim saw a narrow channel opening to the left, and into it they drove at top speed.

"Just in time," panted Jim. "They're not round the point yet."

"I tink more better land," said Motu, and, driving the canoe to the bank, he stepped ashore.

Then he and Kupa picked the canoe bodily out of the water and, carrying her up the muddy bank, dumped her behind a bush. They had hardly done so before their pursuers came into sight, flashing past the mouth of the creek. There were a dozen of them, seated two and two, so that six paddles worked on each side of their big canoe. Jim had a glimpse of the bestial faces of some of the lowest savages on the Earth's surface, of woolly hair and bare, black arms glistening with sweat. Not a pretty sight, and he was thankful that he had managed to elude them.

"Shall we go on now?" he asked of Motu.

The brown man shook his head.

"I tink more better not. I tink dem fellows come back pretty soon."

Jim said nothing, but his feelings were not pleasant as he crouched there, gripping his spear, the only weapon he had.

Motu was right. Ten minutes later they heard the splash of paddles and a moment later the big canoe was in sight again. To Jim's horror it turned straight into the channel. He felt Motu and Kupa cower closer to the swampy ground, and he himself hardly dared to breathe. The question that tortured him was whether their canoe was quite hidden from the sharp eyes of the savages. If it were not—if they caught a glimpse of it—the game was up, and Jim did not flatter himself that he would get a second chance of escape. The odds were that they would all three be finished off at once.

The black men came straight on; they were opposite, and Jim saw the light reflected in their savage eyes. Happily the trees nearly met overhead and the shadow on the banks was so thick that no ray of moonlight penetrated it. They passed and Jim breathed again as the long canoe drove out of sight down the darksome tunnel.

"Shall we move?" he whispered to Motu.

"Clear out now and go down toward the sea?"

"No do that," Motu replied in an equally low tone. "More better stay here. They come back pretty soon."

"They come back now," muttered Kupa.

He was right. Presently the big canoe came shooting back out of the gloom. Again the three cowered flat among their bushes and suffered agonies of suspense as the cannibals passed them, almost within the length of a paddle. Their quick, restless eyes roved this way and that, yet either the darkness was too profound or the canoe

too well hidden for them to suspect its presence. Once more they passed and paddled back into the main stream. Kupa, whose ears were sharp, bent forward, listening. At last he spoke.

"Dem fellows gone dat way," pointing downstream.

"Then they're between us and the sea," said Jim in a horrified whisper.

"Dat true, Marse Jim," agreed Motu.

"But I tink dis ribber he go sea too."

Jim looked hard at the water. He had supposed that this was a tributary of the main stream, but now he saw that the sluggish current ran past in a northerly direction and realised that this was merely another mouth of the river. His spirits rose.

"You're right, Motu. Then the sooner we're off the better. We must be out of this river before daylight."

"We go now, I tink," said Motu, as he rose silently to his feet.

He and Kupa slid the canoe back into the water, then all three got in and went swiftly away down the channel. Motu and Kupa paddled. They would not let Jim help, and Jim understood the reason when he saw the canoe drive forward without so much of a splash as a rising fish might make. He knew that he himself could never have matched this amazing silence.

The channel curved and grew narrower, the trees met overhead, then all of a sudden they found themselves faced with a tangle of twisted mangrove trunks which seemed to bar any further progress.

"So that's why they turned back," Jim murmured in dismay. "It's a blind alley."

"Him swamp," explained Motu, but he did not stop paddling.

The canoe drove forward under the thick branches, it bumped against twisted roots, yet it still floated, and in a minute or two they had forced their way through the barrier into the heart of a mangrove swamp.

It was a horrible place where the black, stagnant water stretched on each side, with the ugly, twisted mangrove trunks growing out of it, their branches laced thickly overhead. The hot, stagnant air reeked with the smell of decay and was thick with humming swarms of mosquitoes, which bit like fire. Yet Jim had no thought of the horrors of the

place; his feeling was one of intense relief that he and his companions had at last dodged the head-hunters, and for the first time since escaping from Dirck Jansen were reasonably safe from them.

"How far are we from the sea, Motu?"

"I not know, Marse Jim," replied Motu, and looked round. "This pretty bad place," he added uncomfortably.

"Never mind," said Jim; "we're safe from those black cannibals, anyhow."

"Dem other fellows here—dem crocodiles," was Motu's reply.

CHAPTER 38

Crabs and Crocodiles

JIM hadn't thought of crocodiles and the idea was not pleasant. Had he and the other two jumped out of the frying-pan only to land in the fire? He looked round but saw nothing except the dark water and the darker trees. The roof of branches overhead was so thick that but little moonlight leaked through. He dug in his paddle.

"Let's get out of it," he said, and Motu nodded and set to paddling.

But it was one thing to talk of getting out, quite another to do it. There was no current to tell them which way to go and they could never see more than forty or fifty yards in any direction. The only hope was to find a clear space and get their bearings by the Moon. Meantime they pushed on, trying to keep some sort of direction.

Without warning they ran upon a mud-bank and had to push off as best they could and turn in another direction. They had not gone far in the new direction before they ran into a channel choked by roots. Jim took hold of one of the twisted trunks to push the canoe back when something reared up and seized his arm with a grip that made him cry out with the pain. Motu raised his paddle and brought it down with a crash on the armour-plated body of an enormous land crab.

"Him hurt you, Marse Jim?" Motu asked anxiously.

"Pretty near paralysed my arm," Jim answered, as he rubbed the crushed muscles.

They got out of the channel and tried another. This time they had better luck, and presently struck a little open lagoon where the moonlight silvered the sullen surface. Motu gazed at the Moon and considered for a few moments. Then he

pointed to the west. "I tink we go dis way," he said.

"But the sea ought to be to the north of us," Jim answered. "Why should we go to the west?"

Motu could not tell. He had the animal-like sense of direction, but Jim forgot this and insisted on going north. They left the lagoon and paddled on in that direction for some time, but the trees grew thicker and thicker and presently they were fast on the mud again.

"It's like a maze," growled Jim as he shoved off. "You try your way now."

Motu took charge, and this time turned west, and for a while got on better. Then the trees thickened once more and they had to work along a narrow, twisting channel. Jim was getting heartily sick of this swamp; he had begun to feel that they would never get out of this horrible place. The channel grew more and more narrow and the bow of the canoe again bumped against something.

"More roots," groaned Jim, shoving his paddle against the obstruction.

Suddenly he felt the thing move. Next instant the slimy water broke and a monstrous head rose out of it, with wide jaws set with yellow tusks. Two eyes glowed red as fire in the gloom, and a reek of musk rose so thick it was like a cloud of poison gas.

"Him crocodile!" shrieked Kupa.

It was Jim who acted. Dropping the paddle, he snatched up the spear which he had taken from the guard and rammed it down the yawning throat of the hideous monster.

Clang! came the great jaws together, snapping the shaft clean in two, and at the same moment up came his great tail and fell across the bow of the canoe like a flail. If it had hit Jim it would most certainly have killed him, but luckily it just missed him. But the blow smashed the bow of the canoe to pulp and its occupants had only just time to spring out on to the nearest mangrove roots before it sank.

"Up—get up the tree!" cried Jim. "The brute will have you."

"I tink he got plenty 'nuff already," said Motu. "Him spear stick in throat. Him not bite us any more."

Jim shrugged his shoulders.

"It might be better if he did," he remarked.

"We're done for anyhow."

It looked as if he was right, for the canoe was finished, and there was no way of making a raft. There seemed nothing for it but to hang on to these slimy roots until they starved or were eaten by the mosquitoes and land crabs. Several of these fearsome-looking beasts were already walking toward them. But Motu refused to be discouraged.

"I make climb tree," he said simply, and with that picked the biggest mangrove and swung up into the branches. Jim watched him silently. He did not think for a moment that the native would be able to see anything, and he himself was feeling so utterly worn out with the adventures of the past thirty-six hours that he did not seem to care much what happened. Another crab attacked, and he kicked it fiercely into the water.

"Dem too plenty many crabs," observed Kupa uncomfortably. A regular army of the great blue-shelled brutes was gathering, and barring a couple of paddles they had nothing to fight them with. Suddenly Motu came swinging down like a monkey out of the tree. He was more excited than Jim had ever seen him. "I see him sea," he cried.

Jim caught him by the arm. "Are you sure? How far?"

"I quite sure. It not far. You come. I show you." Without a moment's delay he began clambering away across the maze of curved and twisted roots that circled above the black slime and water, and Jim, forgetting how weary he was, followed. But the natives were more active than he, or perhaps not so tired, and they went much faster. He had to call to Motu to wait. Both the good fellows came back and helped him, but at best it was terribly slow going.

An hour passed, and Jim's hands were sore and his muscles were one great ache from swinging from branch to branch. At last he stopped. "I'm done, Motu," he said hoarsely. "You and Kupa go ahead."

"You rest little while. It not far now," said Motu. "I smell him sea." He stooped, scooped up some water in the palm of his hand and tasted it. "I right," he cried jubilantly. "It salt."

The news gave Jim fresh courage and he started again. They pushed up the edge of a channel, found a way of crossing it, and all of a sudden the mangroves broke off and Jim found himself on the edge of open water.

He turned quickly to Motu.

"It's the lagoon," he exclaimed, "the very place where I left the Dolphin. But where is she?" Motu shook his head.

"I no see Dolphin," he answered gravely.

TO BE CONTINUED

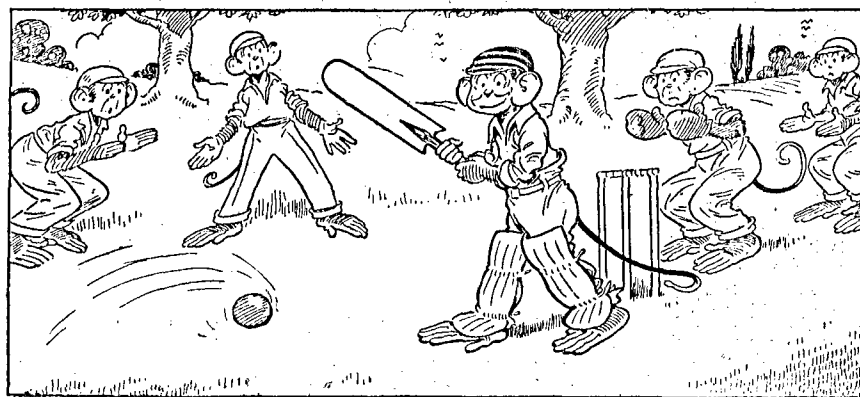
JACKO MAKES HIS CENTURY

JACKO's big brother Adolphus was a fine cricketer. He played for Monkeyville in the local team, and was considered their best bat.

It was a terrible blow to his hopes when, on the eve of an important match, he slipped on a bit of orange peel and

"Here he comes!" cried one of the team suddenly, as a figure in flannels, carrying a bat, was seen pushing his way through the crowd.

In the excitement no one looked very hard at Jacko, who had pulled his cap well over his eyes and was making



"That's not Adolphus!" they cried

sprained his ankle. Adolphus made light of it, and said he was sure he would be all right in the morning.

Mother Jacko thought he must be mad. "Don't be foolish!" she said.

"You won't do your side any good and you'll probably cripple yourself for the rest of the season. Write a note to the Captain and Jacko will take it round."

Adolphus wrote the note—but the Captain never had it, for Jacko had decided to take his brother's place!

When the day came, the Captain, having heard nothing of the accident, was in the best of spirits. But he was beginning to feel a little anxious when three o'clock—the starting-time—arrived and there was no sign of Adolphus.

What could have happened?

straight for the wicket. But play had no sooner begun than somebody spotted him.

"That's not Adolphus!" they cried.

"It's not," cried the Captain, staring hard. "Unless I'm a Dutchman, it's that young scamp Jacko! Just wait till he comes out!"

But Jacko didn't mean to come out just yet. And they couldn't get him out. He was doing so well that the crowd (who by this time had recognised him and were enjoying the joke) cheered themselves hoarse.

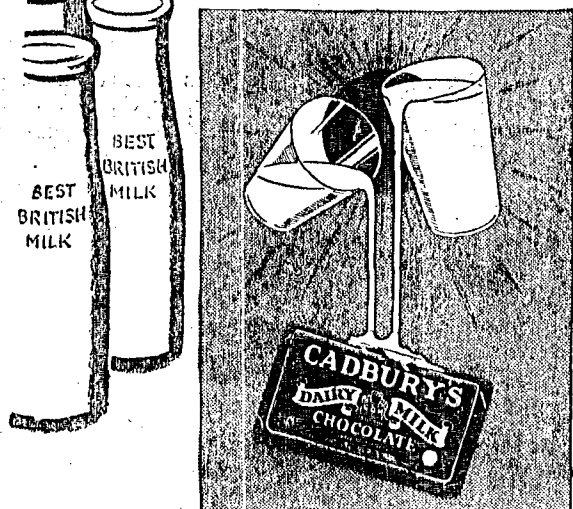
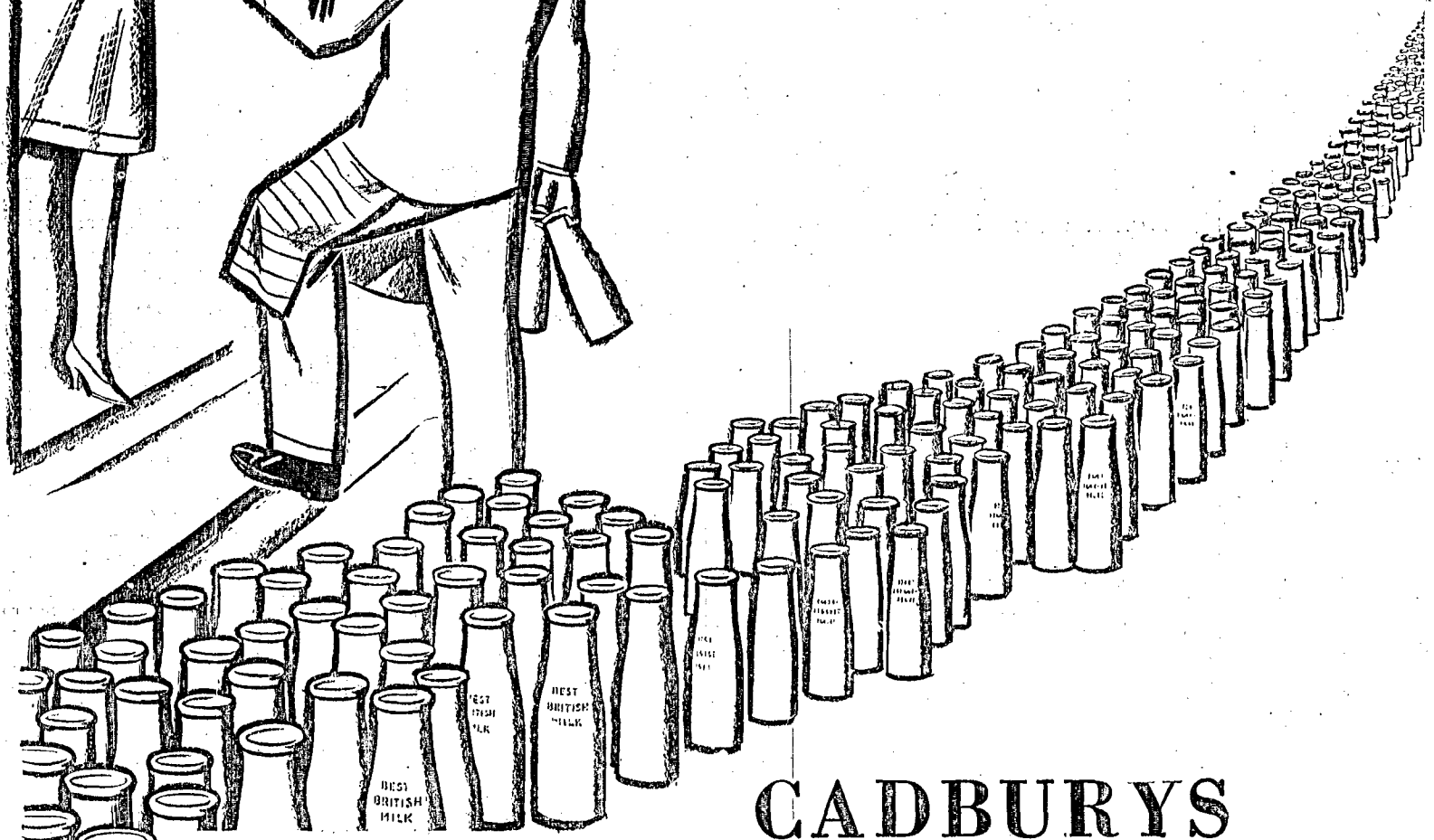
The Monkeyville team decided to let him carry on. So Jacko carried on.

"Who won?" asked Adolphus when he got home.

"I did," grinned Jacko. "Made my first century."



**230,000 pints
to-day please!**



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their morning milk

Cadburys believe in milk for chocolate making. They show their belief by collecting every day nearly 30,000 gallons of fresh, full-cream milk from English farms. That's why you can taste the cream in Cadbury's Milk Chocolate; that's why its sales are 20 times greater to-day than 20 years ago —

—and that's why you'll say
'I WANT CADBURY'S'

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week, at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 2, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

A Greengrocer's Currants

A GREENGROCER bought a hundred pounds of currants for £2. He managed to sell a certain quantity at 9d a pound but he could not sell the whole hundred pounds, so he disposed of the remainder at 4d a pound and found that he had made a profit of 18s 4d all together. How many pounds did he sell at each price? *Answer next week*

A Camping Hint

THE camping season is in full swing and campers will find the following hint useful to remember.

It is advisable to dig a trench round the tent, as indicated in our

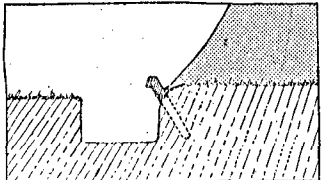


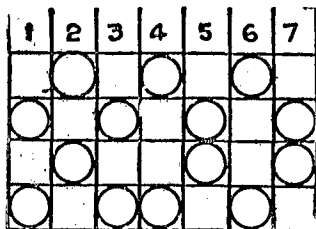
diagram. This serves to drain off the water if you are unlucky enough to have wet weather. If the tent pegs are driven in slantwise to the side of the trench it will be an easy matter to adjust the ropes so as to pull the lower edge of the tent close to the ground, thus avoiding draughts.

Is Your Name Beatrice?

THE Christian name means Blessor or Joy-giver, and as a surname Beatrice has been taken over from the Christian name. A number of other surnames have been derived from Beatrice, among which are Beton, Beaton, Beattie, and Beatson.

Squares and Circles

PUT vowels in the circles and consonants in the squares so that when the seven vertical words have been found correctly from the definitions given the first and third horizontal lines will spell the name of two planets.

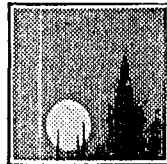


1. Summer month. 2. Employed. 3. Musical instrument. 4. Preposition. 5. Journey. 6. An eagle. 7. Marshy plant.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Mars and Jupiter are in the East. In the evening Venus is in the West and Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Wednesday August 6.



Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks, up to June 28, 1930, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1930	DEATHS 1930	BIRTHS 1929	DEATHS 1929
London	5899	6134	3117	3240
Glasgow	1859	2231	966	1020
Dublin	894	867	388	363
Bristol	530	565	293	265
Hull	521	462	251	241
Edinburgh	520	627	482	401
Nottingham	395	468	217	248
Bradford	354	374	289	231
Bolton	208	217	163	161
Norwich	203	183	92	107
Newport	139	119	77	67
Reading	125	115	64	84

The Screechers

YOUNG swifts are fully fledged by the beginning of August, and may be seen flying very high, especially in the evening when they skim across the sky uttering

their peculiar shrill scream, which has earned for them the name of the screechers among country folk. When seen in flight the swift is frequently mistaken for the swallow, but actually it is a much larger bird, and it has dark brown plumage while the swallow is steely-blue.

Ici On Parle Français



Le gâteau Un aspirant Le calendrier Pourquib a-t-on entamé le gâteau? Mon frère est aspirant de marine. Cherche la date sur le calendrier.

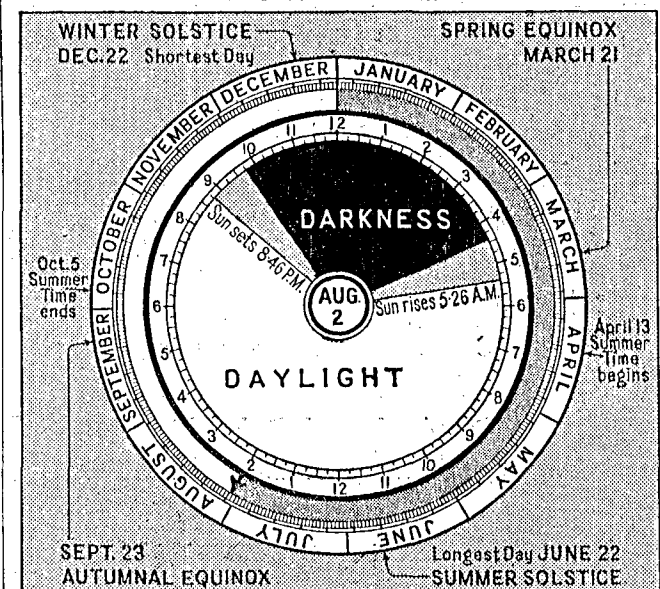
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Word Square	Father and Son
BOARD	In 18 years' time
OILER	
ALIBI	
REBEL	
DRILL	
Jumbled Towns	
Hastings, Aber-	
deen, Ramsgate,	
Weymouth, Ilfra-	
combe, Cardiff,	
Hove—Harwich.	
Crane, Kite.	

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzles

ICSE	FEW	NESS	FAIR
GLUCOSE	NITRATE		
NBOUT	AEYOT		
ET	TRAM	LINES	OUR
OARS	TALON	EASE	
USE	GET	DAM	PEA
S	EMU	EGO	ARET
PLAYER	LEPERS		

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on August 2. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

DI MERRYMAN

Auto-Suggestion

MR SMITH: We hear a lot of talk about auto-suggestion these days.

Mr Jones: I do for sure; my daughter is always suggesting that we need an automobile.

What's In a Name?

FEELING out of sorts Mr Bachelor had consulted the doctor. Among other things the doctor suggested that his patient should try drinking warm water in the morning.

"But I already do that, doctor," said Mr Bachelor. "Though in our boarding house they call it coffee."

The Caterpillor



IT'S only in the Land-o'-Dreams You'll meet this insect rare, But don't be startled—when you wake You'll find he isn't there.

With Care

THE maid was being instructed in her new duties.

"I want you to be most careful with this vase," said the mistress. "It is 2000 years old."

"You can trust me, mum," was the reply. "I'll be as careful as if it were new."

Ring Off

A CONCEITED young actor rang up a well-known critic to say that he was to take the leading part in place of a man who was ill. Said the critic: "Many thanks—"

"Not at all, sir," hurriedly broke in the actor.

"—for the warning," continued the critic.

A Long Absence

THE history master noticed that young Smith was back in class after a long absence through illness.

"I'm glad to see you here again," he said. "You'll have a lot to make up. How long have you been away?"

"Since William the Conqueror landed, sir," replied Smith.



"Just Mental Balance" he observes. "The balance of my perfect nerves."

Sustained mental effort even more than physical exertion makes heavy demands on the strength and vitality. Brain workers need nourishment which, though light, must be of high nutritive value.

Made from selected whole wheat, fresh creamy milk and an ample proportion of Vitamin D added, the "Allenburys" Diet is a perfectly balanced food. Take a cup at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. and render perfect tone and balance to your system.



EASY TO MAKE. PLEASANT TO TAKE. In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6 of all Chemists. Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.2

Testing The Loco's Heart-Beats

Did you know that railway engineers test their engines in much the same way as the doctor runs the rule over you? Not only do they test the loco's pulse and respiration but the heart-beats as well! You can find out how this is done in a special article which appears in this week's MODERN BOY. There are many other grand features in this issue that you must not miss.

MODERN BOY

Every Monday, 2d.

Buy a Copy TODAY

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

NIGHT was drawing on and little Jack Cheap the Pedlar was making his way through a lonely Border moor. His pack was heavy, his feet were hurting him. He wondered where he was going to sleep.

Last night it had been among the straw of a barn, and all the little pigs came and kissed him with their cold noses.

To his delight a little wayside inn was seen in view. A bed might be possible. The house was full, but for a packet of needles and a handful of shoe-laces the landlady made him up a comfortable bed in the kitchen.

Just as the household was going to rest in strolche three huge Highland drovers, on their way back from England,

When they were told the inn was full they said they would take the bed in the kitchen.

"But Cheap the Pedlar is going to sleep there," said the landlady.

"Not he," replied red Rory, grinding his teeth and grasping his broadsword. "My weapon and he will be better acquainted if he dares to try."

So the little pedlar spent uneasy hours perched on a stool by the dying fire while his enemies slept cosily in bed, laughing like ogres in a fairy tale, their red beards sticking up into the air and their enormous brogues arranged neatly in pairs beneath the bedfoot.

Toward the middle of the night Jack Cheap heaped up more peats on the fire, till

the water in the big cauldron hanging over it began to boil.

The little man tiptoed to the bedside, picked up all the brogues, and boiled them well for an hour in the cauldron. Then he drew them out with the tongs, wiped them dry, and set them down again by the bed, pair by pair, in order.

Great was the commotion when the Highlanders awoke and wanted to resume their journey. They knew their own brogues again, their clouts and patches, but a boy of ten could not have pulled them on, they had shrunk so.

"I doubt it is the Brownie," said the landlady. "There is a Brownie that belongs to the place. He comes down the chimney at night, swinging

JACK CHEAP, THE PEDLAR

by the cauldron chain. He will have taken a loan of your brogues and left his own behind."

"But Brownies are wee," said Rory. "What would he be doing with our big shoes?"

"Maybe he needed boots for himself and his cronies to cross the river," said Jack.

"If I were you," said the landlady, "I should take them to the Wishing Well, and leave them there for a night. Maybe in the morning you will find your own there instead."

The night before the Highlanders had laughed at Jack Cheap as he nodded on his stool by the fire. It was his turn to chuckle as he watched the three big men limping down the road carrying their boiled brogues with them.